

SPECIAL HARVEST FESTIVAL EDITION.

THE



# WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year. No. 48

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General

TORONTO, AUGUST 26, 1899,

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner,

Price, 5 Cents.



To Help the Poor, to Comfort the Sick, to Feed the Hungry, to Save the Sinners: That is what Your Contribution to Harvest Festival will Help us to Do!

# Seasonable Sayings

FROM OUR OFFICERS.

## Why I Push H. F.

Because I believe it is necessary to cultivate a spirit of thankfulness to God for all His blessings to us. I have noticed in my own corps, and in the corps in my District, where there has been holding back in "the way God has seen fit to shut the windows of heaven and withhold His blessings. On the other hand, there has been a thankful spirit, victory and blessing has invariably followed. It is also a grand way to show our love to God and fallen humanity, and to help to carry on this glorious war. I firmly believe in H. F. myself and do all I can to get others to do the same. God loves the cheerful and cake, or cream and apple pie is most popular.—W. Brindley, Capt.

## How I Made My Last H. F. a Success.

In the first place I tried to get the sympathy of the local officers, especially my J. S. S.M., Treasurer and Secretary, which was successful in doing. Then I arranged for the J. S. S.M. to take with him funds half the target, giving them half the town and country. Our target was \$75, and when the sale was over the Juniors had \$47.77 and the Seniors \$50, thus sending us away over our target. I have started the same plan this year, and my local officers are one with me, and already we have \$12 towards our target. With every soldier in earnest to do their best, our target is bound to be smashed.

Here are three points which I think have helped me to collect successfully:

Have your eyes open to see what the persons, of whom you wish to collect, have that would be useful to you for H. F.

Study the character you have to deal with before you tell him what your business is. There is a way in most every case that you can get something, even if you talk about the farm for a while before the produce is asked for.

I go at it feeling, while my hand is in the hand of God, my Father owns it all. And I will not be afraid to ask those He has blessed with little or much to give me some to help our noble work along.—Capt. A. Slose.

## Capt. Lewis Contributes His Experience.

I have many happy recollections of last year's Harvest Festival. The part of the country where my lot was cast had very little rain that summer, which hindered us somewhat. To make up for the deficiency two friends and myself went into the country and gathered aternuts, which we turned to good account.

One kind friend joined us in his team and drove me 50 miles into the country. At one time they gave me 2 pigs, and my confess he was a very obedient one; he did not cause me the least trouble till we arrived at home.

The spiritual blessings which come from Harvest Festival are many. A "God-bless-you," a prayer and a song in this house and the other, so as to make everyone happy. The seed sown will eventually bring its own harvest.

Why do I push the Harvest Festival? Because God commands the first fruits of all thine increase. It comes from a great blessing, both spiritually and financially. Many more good things I might say, but I must defer. The secret of my successful collecting was no other than that I had such beautiful, good looks as Sergt. Major Tague and Sergt. Major and Mrs. Courtemanche. I say "God bless these comrades and others who so nobly assisted. This year finds me in beautiful Barrie, and the prospects are good for a successful H. F.—Yours, sowing in the morning, Capt. W. Lewis.

## Capt. Brindley Advocates Tickets and Socials.

1st.—My last H. F. was made unsuccessful by using the Juniors and the ticket system. The ticket system does away with the auction sale business, which generally means a lot of hard work on the throat, and is not successful unless you have a good crowd and a good auctioneer. By the ticket system you are able to place the market price on your goods, and your goods thereby bring you

better value. Last year I had my meeting and sale all over at 10 p.m., while at other years' sales by auction, I've auctioned from 9:30 to 12 p.m. trying to sell the goods.

Let the Juniors have their own stall, and let them have the goods they collect. They will interest themselves more in their own target in this way.

2nd.—Another successful way sometimes is to have a social in connection with the sale. A lot of people will like when they wouldn't do anything else. I've had a social in connection with H. F. three times, and find it to work to advantage. Coffee and cake, or ice cream and cake, or cream and apple pie is most popular.—W. Brindley, Capt.

## Bishop Blackburn Celebrated the First H. F.

Every year up to date I have struck the H. F. target, but not without faith and works, and lots of both. I believe I held the first Harvest Festival that was held in the Dominion. It was at Wingham, my second corps, eleven years ago. I thought if success could be made of it in England, why not in Canada? So I started off for the country. The first man I went to was a friend. He gave me the leave to pick the best barrel of apples in his orchard; none of your wind-blows, as so many people were willing to give. If you don't take them for the Lord the pigs will get them. I got a fine lot of fruit and vegetables, and it turned out as expected, a success. Every time I get my target from P. H. Q. by faith I can set it afar, but it becomes more visible every day until the day of reckoning, and we find it is all O. K.—S. Blackburn, Adj't.

## How I Made H. F. a Success.

I had my target set before me, I knew it was wanted, and I believed the Harvest Festival effort was very necessary in order to help the old chariot along, and to keep it in repair. In the first place I realized H. F. required to be studied and planned out, also that I should need a lot of the grace of God to help me to do my best, and not to give in to the voice of the flesh, crying out, "It's so hard to get money here. Don't stand any more of the abuse; it's not necessary, and God doesn't require it. Now, don't go into this house, you know how the other people treated you in the last place."

I got up early in the morning, prayed that God would help me to do my best, open the hearts of the people, and show me the wisest way to approach them, and started out with as much boldness as I could muster up. Sometimes people would say, "Call again." I always did so.

Get good sensible things and don't let them go for half price. If a stranger or an old friend turns up unexpectedly,

present the little card and tell them what you want. Always keep the last target figures in view and strive to wipe it off.

Start right and go on. The right way is to be cheerful, take pains to explain the need and the wonderful use to which it will be put. Show where our Army has increased, and show them it's no more than they should do after the increase God has given them, and get them to consider how God has been the main-spring of it all, and if it pleased Him He could destroy it in a much shorter time than it took them to get it.—Lieut. Norman.

## Why Ensign Gamble Pushes H. F.

Why do I push Harvest Festival and try to get everyone else interested in it? Because I believe in the effort firstly myself with all my heart, and I believe, secondly, that the money raised by the effort is spent only for the extension of God's kingdom and the lifting up of fallen humanity. I believe in doing my best in leading the way in the spirit of what I say to others. I push the H. F. because I have found a Thanksgiving Harvest Festival has been a blessing and help to every corps, and they always prosper better after going into it with all their hearts.—I am yours to push this year, A. Gamble, Ensign.

## H. F. PROPHESIES

Of the Palmerston District Officer.

Hurrah for Harvest Festival! We folks in Palmerston District are in for another glorious victory. We are not afraid of work, thank God. We have some faithful warriors around this part of the country who do not believe in doing effected. There is Listowell, under the command of Capt. Muthers and Lieut. Cook. Now you just watch these lassies, they'll smash their target of \$67. They have some real good collectors. Sergt.-Major Calder was champion collector in this District last S.D., but nobody can tell at present who will be champion this H. F. effort. Bruce Steiner Durrant travelled around the country last year and did splendidly, and I understand he is arranging to collect again this year.

There are some hustlers at Wingham, too. Capt. Branigan and Lieut. Crawford are in charge, and have great faith for the \$60. That wonderful man, J. S. M. Plant, will get a great move on this year. He won 2nd prize in S.D., and I shouldn't be surprised if he wins the championship. Treasurer Mooney, and others will do their part.

Drayton has some loyal soldiers, led on by Capt. McDonald, who is aiming straight at \$32.50. I believe he'll get it.

Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major Foreman we have no doubt but what he'll do a good thing. There is Sergt.-Major Snarr and others who are as good as gold to help push on the war, and Palmerston, of course, expects to

knock the target of \$68 all to pieces.

Treasurer Cowan and a number of soldiers, too many to mention their names here, will help us to come out on top. We have arranged six stalls (brigades) as follows: The Flying Squadron, The Wide-awakes, The Conquerors, The Trinme, The Friends' Stall, and the Juniors' Stall. The Juniors' target is \$25. Capt. Pynn leads the little ones on in the H. F. battle. Capt. Pynn won a fivemile race in the last year. Our own worthy J. S. S.M. Blodgett and Sergt. Hawk will assist him.

Now, Mr. Editor, I will back my warriors in this District against any more in the Dominion (D. V.) I will let you know how we succeed and what soldier wins the prize. Prayer, faith, and works will do it.—Ensign W. Orchard.

## Never Lost an H. F. Target

Ensign Nellie Smith, the live commander of the Bowmanville corps, called at the Editorial Lair and gave us some of her secrets of success.

"I have never lost an H. F. target," she began, "but have always reached them, and sometimes gone over the same."

"I start, as a rule, one month before the H. F. Sunday and visit personally, the dry goods merchants and get material for plain and fancy sewing. I visit best places, explain the effort and generally get what I want."

"No, I don't favor an auction sale. I always have sales. I find it a great advantage."

"I have separate stalls for Seniors and Juniors, and separate targets. Then I have a lunch counter, with ice cream, pies, drinks, nectars, candies, etc., all of which I beg from the various stores. A good plan which I tried last year with success, was to make 100 little bouquets of flowers for the Juniors to sell among the crowd for 1 and 2 cts. I raised \$2 in that way last year. If I ever auction anything out it is vegetables and fruits only, and then I put a reserve price on everything. I keep a list of names and enter in my visitors and price received. This helps me very much to know how things are going. I sold last H. F. 200 tickets at 10 cts. each; these are divided into two parts of 5 cts. each, good to purchase goods to that amount. The ticket system is excellent: it enrolls the help of the soldiers and secures cash, also avoids giving wrong change."

"Why I believe in H. F.? Well, it helps my corps, it helps me, another reason is that I have made many a friend by explaining the object for which I am begging. I can recruit a number of staunch friends enlisted on our side in this manner. In that city I collected \$10 worth of goods in less than an hour."

"This year's prospects at Bowmanville are good. We have a very artistic quilt nearly ready. We picked a lot of raspberries and made vinegar for our drink-

stuff. Our Baad of Love and Juniors are working fancy chair cushions and so on. I enlist both saved and unsaved in the endeavor, and I find a means to the sinner's heart in that fashion. A pauper, an unconverted man, is painting now for me some panels and tops of cushions. I believe in work well laid out. My target is \$40, and will be smashed."

"Yes, we are getting on beautifully. Our Juniors are in lovely trim. Good-bye: I am in a hurry!"

## THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES.

By CAPT. ARNOLD.

Some time ago, while recalling the various experiences I have had since becoming an officer, one little incident seemed to have especially fastened itself upon my mind.

The little happening which I am about to relate did not seem at the moment to be of very much value, but we will learn that it was instrumental in leading one soul to Jesus, and what value can I put upon such?

Fastest than the fastest motions could have taken me, I am transferred to a small Western mining camp, where I had the privilege of opening fire.

Again I was called to prove street in the midst of our little camp gathering. It is Sunday, and the usual noise of the ore wagon passing through the streets has stopped. The running in and out of the Miners' Supply Store, as well as other places of business, has been hushed into silence. Only occasional shots and screams may be heard from the different saloons and places of amusement, which are supposed to be closed—the front entrance is shut, but that is not the only way in.

Those miners who are off shift, store clerks, etc., young and old, can be found there. The gambling hall is packed, but apart from the seeking after vain pleasures, there is another reason why the hall is so full. It is dark, dark and dreary.

The crowd, consisting of only a few, who have found shelter from the rough winds under the verandah of an opposite grocery store, listen attentively, while we, to the best of our ability, deal with them about their eternal warfare. The collection was asked for. It amounted to about 35 cts., which is considered a very small sum in this particular community. We, however, thanked our audience heartily, believing that God, by some special means would provide for our needs. So He did.

Several weeks passed away. Neither the Lieutenant nor myself ever again mentioned the incident. Then farewell orders came. Our last meeting was arranged, and to our joy, a large number of people attended the same. Among those who came to say us in farewell was an elderly, well-dressed gentleman, who made a request for a few words. His appearance would lead you to imagine that "he had seen better days." He addressed the audience somewhat in this manner:

"It is my duty to be here, and I must make a confession. Some weeks ago on a cold Sunday night the beating of the drum attracted me to the Salvation Army open-air meeting. Feeling very much down-hearted I had left my camp in order to find relief for my soul. I had listened to the Salvation Army before in larger cities, but never was I so glad of the opportunity as on that night. One out of the ring asked for a collection, and it I remember rightly they received 35 cts., for which the Captain thanked them in such a way that my heart was very much touched. It would have led anyone to think that he had found his fortune. The thought came to me, that when a person can be so grateful for so few cents, how thankful I should have been for all the good things God has seen fit to give to me. I looked at my condition in a different light, and with a new determination and fresh courage I returned to my cabin. No one feels more grateful to-night for the Salvation Army coming to this little place than I do."

Since then our friend has got properly converted and has become an active soldier under the Blood and Fire Flag in that small Western town.

It pays to be thankful, and there are more ways than one in which God uses His people.

# The War at Hamilton, BERMUDA.

Adjt. Matthews has said good-bye to Bermuda, after a stay of two years, during which time she was in charge of the District in general, and Hamilton corps in particular. We were really sorry to part with her, but as good Salvationists, we were prepared to say, "They will be done."

She left here on the 5th for her home in England to take a long-needed rest, her throat having completely given out. Adjt. Matthews is a real Salvationist; having had the pleasure of working with her for the past year and nine months, I have found her to be in every detail of her life, a pure, godly and faithful officer. She has spent fourteen years as an officer in Canada, and when the fight was hardest, was found amongst the faithful, loyal and true.

For the purpose of this article, the writer was enabled to get only a few minutes with the Adjutant before she left. The interview took place amidst great excitement, packing of trunks, and was continually checked by numbers of comrades and friends, eager to show their appreciation of her work here by many beautiful presents, which in years to come will bring back to her memory the pleasant months she stayed in beautiful Bermuda.

## The Adjutant's Conversion.

The Adjutant hails from that lovely country, Devonshire, England, noted, as she used to say humorously, for its nice butter and cheese, but it has given something better than that you can, that, for years among Devonshire bairns, every ornam of S. A. officers into our ranks. Adjt. Matthews was saved when a little girl fourteen years of age. She was blessed with a godly father and mother, and this undoubtedly went far in the making of the officer she is to-day. Some time after her conversion, a dark, sad cloud swept over her family, for death paid a visit to the old homestead, and took away the dear mother. This was a severe blow, but Jesus was very pre-

ious at this time, and proved a source of comfort to the sorrowing ones.

Soon after this the Adjutant began to visit the S. A. meetings, and it was not long before she became an out-and-out Salvationist in Newton Abbot corps. Her life as a soldier was uneventful, but at the end of two years she felt called upon by God to offer herself for the work. She obeyed the call, was accepted, trained at London, and was Miss Emma Booth (Mrs. Booth-Tucker), the little girl with experience in the London slums with the Field Commissioner, and then volunteered for Canada, where she has spent fourteen years working for God in the following corps: Elora, Simeon, Richmond St. (Toronto), Berlin, Woodstock, Guelph, Brantford, Ottawa, Riverside (Toronto), Lippincott St. (Toronto), St. John, N. B., St. John, N. B., Fredericton, N. B., Chatham, N. B., St. Stephen, N. B., Springfield N. S., and Hamilton, Ber.

She is well-known throughout the Provinces as the Training Home Mother.



Cadet Cecil Tatem,  
A Hamilton, Berm., convert.

and many capable officers now in the Field will remember her with pleasure.

The Adjutant has worked hard in Bermuda, and left the Hamilton corps

and the District in a flourishing condition. She has been ably assisted by a good band of local officers, and the most prominent are Cecil Tatem (Cadet), whose photo and testimony we forwarded. He farewelled the same time as the Adjutant, for the Training Home, St. John, and the following is his testimony:

## Cadet Tatem's Testimony.

"I was once a vile sinner in the sight of God, bound by the strong chains of sin, but through the sincerity of Adjutant Matthews and other officers, I was convinced that there was no peace to be obtained by living a life of consistency before God. I am glad that on the 7th Nov., 1897, my life was changed by the power of God, and to-day, bless His Name! am testifying before the sunshines of His presence. The way is growing brighter and Christ has become the centre attraction of my life. I am prepared to comply with the conditions of His Word, and present myself a living sacrifice for His glorious glory."

Bro. Tatem takes with him the prayers of many for success in the Field. God bless him.

## Our Sergeant-Major.

The Sergt.-Major of Hamilton corps is brother to Cadet Tatem, and we also forward his photo.

The Sergeant-Major has been brought out of the horrible pit of darkness and sin into God's most wonderful light through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army. His conversion took place on the 14th January, 1896, at the time Adjt. DesBrisay, Capts. Johnson and Forster were stationed with the corps.

Since then he has been proving that religion is the only thing in the world that can satisfy, and, instead of being bound in the saloon, he will find him self night after night, and week after week, presenting God in the Army barracks, and he says he is going forward to lift up the Blood-stained banner of the Cross.

## Bandmaster Saiters.

The next prominent local officer is Bandmaster Saiters, to whom we owe so much for the splendid hand of the Hamilton corps. The Bandmaster is a good

type of Salvationist, ever ready with his hands to do anything for the Kingdom of God. He says:

"I was a sinner deserving God's displeasure, but after listening to the officers of the Salvation Army, and their plain



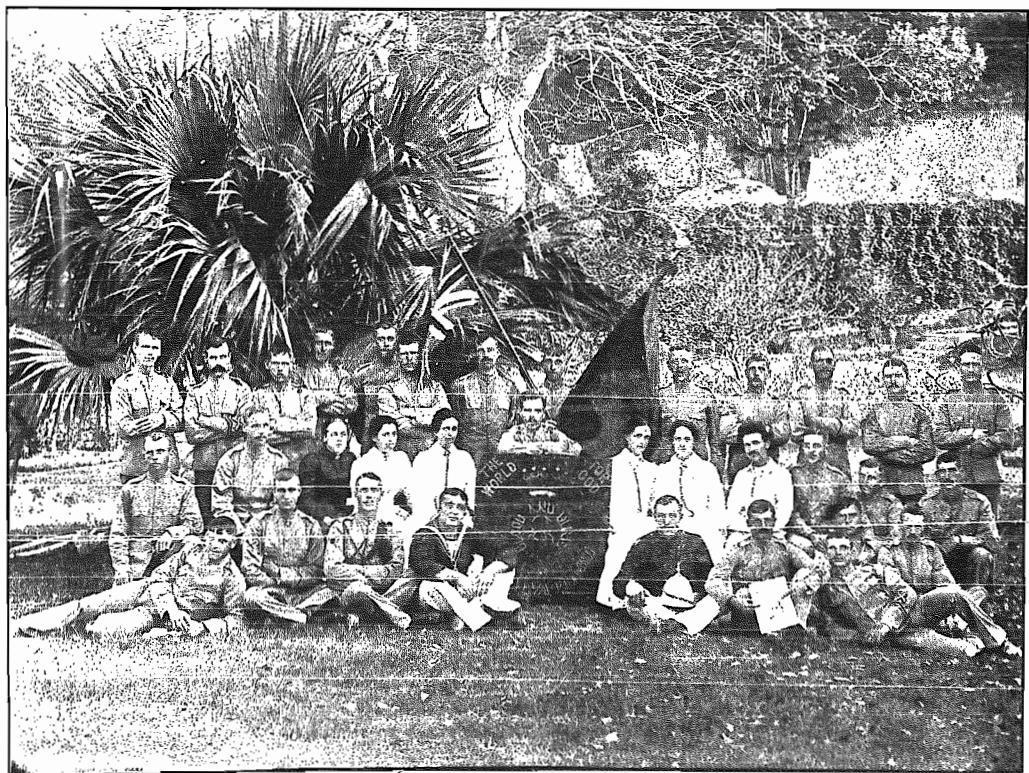
Secretary Searles,  
Hamilton, Ber.

teaching of the love of God, the Spirit took hold of my heart, and for the last three years I have been rejoicing, with my family (all converted), in His great and glorious salvation; and my desire is to be faithful till He calls me up higher.

## Brother Searles.

Another prominent member of the corps is Secretary Searles. Bro. Searles, whose duties bring him into close contact with the officers, is a good, God-fearing man not one of the noisiest, but one of the best. Here is his testimony in his own words:

"In January, 1896, when the S. A. opened in Bermuda, under Adjutant (then En-lon) DesBrisay, I attended their meetings, and, although at first their methods seemed strange, I soon saw



NAVAL AND MILITARY LEAGUE, BERMUDA.



Sgt.-Major Tatem,  
Hamilton, Berm., Champion S.-D. Collector of  
the Island. Collected \$33.00.

in their lives a reality and truth that those professing Christians with whom I had yet come in contact didn't seem to have. I thank God that through their teachings I was led to accept Christ as my own personal Saviour, and am willing to walk the path He has marked out for me. On Feb. 27th, 1898, I was enrolled by Adj't. Matthews, who always stood up for the principles of right and truth; and to-day, praise God, finds me with the full assurance of sins forgiven, and a life at peace with God. Comrade Cecil Tatem, who was enrolled with me, has left for the Training Home, and although it is not my privilege to follow him, I shall go forward to do what I can to extend God's Kingdom and do my duty as becoming a soldier to stand by the new officers and the Flag even more faithfully than before."

A great feature of the work in Bermuda is the Naval and Military League. The Bermuda branch stands at present nearly fifty strong, and never was in such condition for fighting than at present.

Great victories have been won in the

past and still there are greater victories ahead. It has a Cadet system, by which a number of its members are being, to a great extent, fitted for the Field. Hallelujah! With Christ as the Leader of the League, we are going to pull down the strongholds of sin, wickedness and darkness, and establish His great Kingdom.

Adjutant and Mrs. Miller.

On Tuesday morning, 23rd, at an early hour, a great crowd had assembled, accompanied by the Hamilton corps band, to greet Adj't. and Mrs. Miller on their arrival by the S. S. "Trinidad." A right hearty reception was accorded them.



Bandsman Raynor,  
Hamilton, Berm.

On Wednesday, 26th, a united public welcome meeting was held, and the hall was packed. The Adjutant said it was one of the warmest welcome he had ever received. The meeting from start to finish was running over with enthusiasm, and God was with us. Before the close of the meeting two souls were seeking salvation. Praise God!

Under the leadership of Adj't. and Mrs. Miller we're going to march on and win souls for Christ.—W. J. C. Howe, War Cor.

## HARVEST-TIDE.

A. D. COWAN.



The following words were suggested by a dream:

I saw a large barn, in which a man was threshing out wheat. Two women were sitting upon the steps of the barn. One of them looked very weary, but a quiet smile of intense satisfaction lit up her face in the moonlight, as the flail threshed out a good supply of wheat, which she had been gleaning. The other woman was young and strong, but had been sleeping with her sickle in her hand. It was bright and new, and had not been used. The sound of the threshing aroused her. Oh! the horror and disappointment that leaped into her face as, looking up wildly into the moonlight, she realized it was evening, and she had nothing done, and no more opportunity of getting any sheaves at all. The application came by the Spirit's power to my heart. Better to be weary with the long day in the Master's harvest field, with the satisfaction at evening that the work was done, than to come to wake up when too late, and find life's glorious opportunities gone forever beyond our reach—no more chance of reaping.

It is related of Andrew Fuller that, on a haggling tour for the cause of missions, he called on a certain wealthy nobleman to whom he was unknown, but who had heard much of Fuller's talents and piety. After he had stated to him the object of his visit, his lordship observed that he thought he should make him no donation. Dr. Fuller was preparing to return, when the nobleman remarked that there was one man to whom, if he could see him, he would give something for the mission, and that man was Andrew Fuller. Mr. Fuller immediately replied, "My name, sir, is Andrew Fuller." On this nobleman, with some hesitation, gave him a guinea. Observing the indifference of the donor, Mr. Fuller looked him in the face with much gravity, and said, "Does this dona-

## "How Will it Be at Evening?"

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN COWAN.

HOW will it be at evening?  
When the moonbeams' glistening  
light

Shall fall upon thy pathway,  
In the still and silent night.

Will they rest in shining radiance  
On ripe and golden sheaves,  
That thy weary hands have gathered,  
Or on dry and faded leaves?

How will it be at evening?  
When the shadows are o'er  
the land,  
And thy homeward way is wended  
With the sickle in thy hand;

And thy feet are hot and weary,  
From the long and dusty way;

Will thy heart be quite contented  
With the labors of the day?

What would it be at evening,

To wake in sad affright,

And find the day departed,

With its chances fair and bright?

No harvest treasure gathered;

No sheaves of golden grain!

Thy time all passed in dreaming,

To ne'er return again!

The reaper's arm is weary;

He toils till close of day;

But songs of sweet rejoicing

Now cheer his homeward way;

His heart is filled with gladness

At the glorious harvest home,

And the Master's commendation:

"My faithful child, well done!"

Oh, wake! Ye idle dreamers,

Who live in selfish ease,

And listen to the message

That floats upon the breeze:

"The fields are white to harvest,

The laborers are few;

The day is swiftly passing,

And Jesus calls for YOU."

## FROM THE HEART.

tion, sir, come from your heart? If it does not, I wish not to receive it." The gentleman was melted and overcome with this honest frankness, and taking from his purse ten guineas more, said, "There, sir, these come from my heart."

## WANTED.

The following new or second-hand

1st Cornet, numbers 1 to 120.

1st Baritone, numbers 1 to 30.

1st Tenor, numbers 31 to 60.

2nd Tenor, numbers 61 to 90.

Solo trumpet, numbers 1 to 30.

1st Bass, numbers 1 to 30.

Will handmen, or parties having any of the above books, and willing to dispose of them, please communicate with

THE TRADE SECRETARY,  
18 Albert St., Toronto.

## SOWING AND REAPING.



By SOPH.

**WELL-KNOWN** saying, "place for everything and everything in its place," might be altered to read, "A time for everything and everything in its time." We have no intention to discount

Paul's saying, as regards being "instant in season and out of season," yet it is most essential in a number of instances, and advantageous in all things, to be IN season.

For example, let us take the most typical of seasons, seed-time and harvest. We all know how essential it is that the seed should be in the ground at the proper season, especially in countries where the summer is short, and that, on the other hand, the harvest should be brought in as quickly as possible when the grain is ripe for reaping. Unwise, inexperienced or unobserving farmers may sow a week too early, and probably lose their crop through late frost. This will be especially well-known among those acquainted with our great North-West Territory. To be in season means, therefore, firstly, a certain knowledge of the climate and length of season, and, secondly, sufficient force of mind (or, as the slang phrase most strikingly expresses it, sufficient "go") to do at once which we have conceived to be the thing to do at the present time.

One is as important as the other, yet we are more ready to excuse a failure caused through want of knowledge, than that caused through want of prompt action. Many an effort that ensued a great deal of expenditure of thought, strength, and money has proved unsatisfactory, or has failed altogether by being made at the wrong time, just as much as that superfluous wheat in August. When the heart has been softened by tender and strong emotion we may often find an entrance and ready consideration

of the invitations of God which, with comparatively little effort, result in the salvation of souls. At other seasons, when surrounded by the gaieties of this world, would not listen, and would scoff at more eloquent and persevering entreaties. You would not play funeral marches at a wedding party, or whistle humorous airs to a grief-stricken heart, yet many are more foolish in their untimeliness of action.

## SOWING AND REAPING.



Came to the Shelter hungry and unable to find employment. Received food, bed, and was found work.

To-day he is book-keeper with excellent salary and of excellent standing.

Was found a starving, ill-clad waif on a wintry morning at a door-step. Was taken to the Shelter and looked after.

To-day he is happy in the Home, and one of the brightest and most promising inmates.



saved, and waited in vain for someone to come and speak to him. No fishing was done in the meeting; he was passed by and he passed out into the night to become a criminal and eventually a murderer. On the other hand we call to mind the man who, in the last issue of a man who by the kind word and an insignificant action of somebody who did the right thing at the right time, was prevented from carrying out the murder which he had resolved to commit that very day.

You are a soul-physician; you must go to the sick, not to the whole; then you will find there is plenty of opportunity to do the right thing at the right time, and your words will be like golden apples in pitchers of silver, while your actions be the healing balm for wounded hearts.



## SOWING AND REAPING.

Hardly two years ago a Shun Sister entered a hovel where filth and disease abounded. She nursed the sick mother, washed the baby, scrubbed the floor, etc.

man a piece of bread given will seem more eloquent language, and more persuasive of the practical Christianity of the donor, than yards of sermons. A shelter given to the homeless opens to the seed of eternity that heart to which no orator could compel an entrance.

In our great work of saving men and women for eternity, we find reasonable opportunities all round us: we need not wait for seasons to act, but may, with judicious direction of our efforts so that we do the right thing under the existing circumstances: in other words, we must continually suit our actions to the state in which we find men. To give warning to the godless and careless of the judgments of God is in season, but to urge them to come to the penitent form before they are convinced, would be sowing when in December out of season. To call out the despising the mystery of God and to urge the sin-sick soul to seek His forgiveness, is reasonable, but to tell the man at the penitent form to "only believe," or that he is saved because he kneels there, etc., is out of season. True repentance and renunciation must first plough the ground before faith's season has come for to take root and bring pardon to the soul.

Don't let your effort be thoughtless—your fighting like beating the air, but aim—always have a target!

Only recently the Chief of the Staff wrote in the pages of the Cry the heart-rending account of a man who had come to our barracks expressly to get

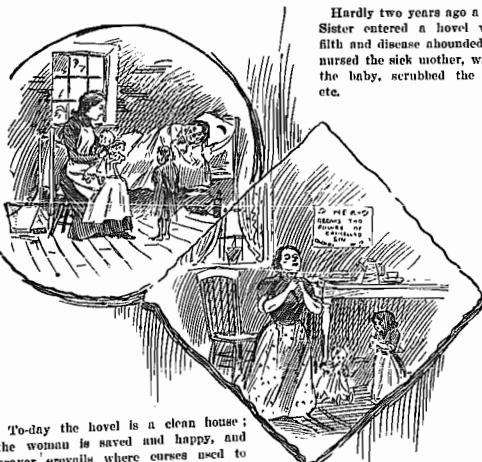
To-day the hovel is a clean house; and the woman is saved and happy, and prayer prevails where curses used to abide.

## The Village Bank.

The Village Banks of India do good work, as the following incident, which took place in the Rambukhuna Division, shows:

"A soldier, who is a member of the bank, recently lost her husband, who was a terrible drunkard and gambler. Through his intemperance he was obliged to mortgage all his lands, which were valuable, for about three hundred rupees, upon which loan he had to pay about thirty per cent. interest. On his death the money-lender claimed settlement from the wife, knowing she had no money to meet the demand, and had also set on foot a scheme to prevent anyone in the village lending her the money to redeem the property, so that the money-lender would come in for the valuable property for the paltry sum of three hundred rupees. The wife was in great ruin and starvation for the poor woman and her children. In the meantime the bank opened in the village; she became a member, borrowed the necessary amount from the bank, redeemed her lands, and mortgaged the same to the bank, which advanced her the money she needed at the rate of eight per cent."

Watch over thyself, stir thyself up, admonish thyself, and however it be with others, neglect not thyself.



# THE WAR AMONG THE ZULUS.

By STAFF-CAPT. SMITH, D. O. for Zulu Work.



ADVANCE, solid and substantial, has been made among the dusky Zulus recently. We have been reaping more quickly than in previous years. To record the incidents of the fight in the Native War may be of interest to our readers.

Among many recent converts at Catharine Booth corps we have to praise God for the salvation of a number of headmen. A headman is an individual of some importance among the Zulus. He may have one or more kraals under him, behaviour of his people living at them, and is looked up to by his people for all things. One Sunday (I remember rightly it was when Commissioner and Col. McAlonan were at the corps) no less than four of these headmen came to the penitent form.

## Cut off His Ring.

One of them, Sifana, is a most striking case. He has attended the meetings occasionally for years. His wife professed salvation years ago, but, through his opposition she did not hold on. However, the seed sown in his dark heart took root, and when he came to the penitent form he entirely gave up the use of utywala (drum), ukgwala (tobacco), and insangu (a weed smoked by the Zulus, partaking of the nature of opium). He has since been very regular in his attendance upon the meetings, and shows in every way the change affected by conversion. The third Sunday after his salvation he came to the meeting with his ear cut off. I must explain that many of these headmen wear black rings, made from a gutta-percha-like material, round their heads. They are a distinct honor, and much prized by the British soldier. Well, the ring was cut off. Never will I forget his testimony. He said, "When I came to the penitence (penitent form), I left off drink, tobacco and insangu, and now my friends say I have cut off my ring. The last thing is gone; my back is turned to hell, and my face is looking to heaven, and I'll press on there. My wife is saved, my children are saved too, and we are now a happy family." This was delivered with all that natural flow of eloquence for which the natives are so noted. The shouts of joy among the soldiers were grand to hear. This headman's wife has cut off her headress, and testifies with fire "so," while the children are poor Salvationists.

Another headman, Sizini, is a brother of our Sergeant-Major, Unukwane. It was very hard for him to yield, but he used to say, "If ever I become a Christian, I want to be one like my brother; he is altogether right, and his heart is white." Praise God for such a testimony from an unsaved man; he is now saved, and really trying to be a Christian "like his brother."

## No More Beer.

Then there is Mahlapuliphi, an old soldier of King Mpande, who was the father of the famous King Cetwayo, who fought with the English troops in 1879. He is a very old man now, but is still a straight chap, measuring 6 feet 3½ inches. He used to think he was saved because he used to go to the meetings, but gradually the light penetrated his old dark soul, and he came to the penitent form. It is very hard for the old men to give up their beer-drinking, after using it all their lives, the more so because it is so inter-twined into their social and family life. For instance, if a man wants to build a hut, he makes a beer-feast and invites his neighbours to help him, the beer being the attraction. And so with any extra piece of work that wants doing. I hardly expected that the old chap would leave off the entire use of beer, but I hear that he will have nothing to do with it. Hallelujah!

Three or four years ago, a Zulu lassie of 15 years of age, gave her heart to God. She lived a consistent life at home, which gradually began to tell; one after another at home began to leave, till only the old father was left.



Praise the Lord, our hearts rejoiced to see him come out a few Sundays ago. He is doing well.

The work at some of the older stations is forging ahead. There was the season of breaking up fallow ground, fighting superstition and heathendom, sowing the seed, with comparative little result, but now month by month we are advancing, and that not only in soul-saving and soldier-making, but in organization. At several of the settlements, outposts are being regularly worked, the meetings being carried on by the Sergeants and soldiers. These Sergeants gather the people together at different kraals, have a good salvation meeting, at which souls often profess to find salvation, and then they bring along their congregations to the central meetings at the barracks, where the penitents sometimes come to the point of forming a school all who know them that they accept Christ. These outpost meetings have been a great blessing. Some of the chief of them we have formed into societies.

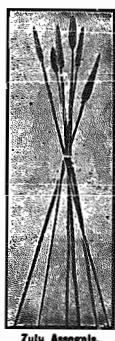
## A Headman's Dream.

Some years ago a headman, in the Lewis Settlement district, had a dream. In this dream he saw what a careless, and indifferent sinner he had been. His soul seemed to leave his body and go to the gate of Heaven. He wanted to enter, but he was told he was not fit. He was told to go to the Salvation Army officer, to attend the meetings, where he would learn the way of life. When he awoke, he set off for Captain King, and related his dream to him. The Captain dealt with him, with the result that he gave his heart to God. That erstwhile drinking headman is today the Sergeant-Major of the Lewis Settlement.

Another case that is developing beau-

tifully is Mahanjana, also a headman. He professed salvation some years ago, but would not give up the use of drink. We tried to reason with him, but apparently to no purpose. He still went to the beer-feasts, and did no end of harm by telling the people the things he had seen. He is an old man, and has one foot. And he used to say grace before the beer-feast. He used to ask the Lord to bless the beer to them. However, it was all to no purpose. The most of the Zulus knew and admitted that God was not pleased with the beer drinking. Poor old Mahanjana! It was only a case of "dealing against the pricks." We dealt very straight with him, and at last had the joy of seeing him come right out to lay aside everything. What a change! The old man is a born orator, and has a forthright, forcible language and also lives the life, and consequently, is now a power for good. He is the father of Mhambho, who has just gone to England with the Exhibition party. He came down to Durban to see the party off. And as this is his first visit to town he is full of wonder

many other things. I am eaten up with astonishment. You have learned, you know all, you are clever beyond degree, but what will all these things do for you on the Day of Judgment? You are not ready. God will be angry with you because you know so much, and yet you are not ready for the Judgment." And



Zulu Assegai.



Zulu Witch Doctor.

at the many sights he has seen. He spoke in the open-air, and told the people that he was astonished at all he had seen, but it was nothing like what he would see in heaven. I took him over the land on to the "Garth Castle," which is conveying the party to England. He was simply speechless with astonishment.

I was much struck by the testimony of Nomalanga, Mhambho's wife, who is accompanying him to England. She said, "Children of the white man, I have seen many wonderful sights to-day, your houses, your streets, your gardens, the crowds of people, and

so Nomalanga, who a few years ago sacrificed to the departed spirits of her ancestors in heathen darkness, passionately appealed to the white man to walk up to his light. God grant he may!

The foregoing article, which is full of interest, is rendered additionally attractive from the fact that several members of Staff-Capt. Smith's constituency are now at the Army Exhibition in London.

Faults in the life breed errors in the brain, And those reciprocally those again. The mind and the conduct mutually imprint.

And stamp their image in each other's mint. —Cowper.

Keep thyself as a stranger and a pilgrim upon the earth, to whom the ways of the world appear not no. Keep thine heart free, and lifted up towards God, for here have we no continuing city. To Him direct thy daily prayers with crying and tears, that thy spirit may be found worthy to pass happily after death unto its Lord.



## PAY YOUR TRIBUTE.

The minor Chiefs and Kings of ancient history were compelled to bring an annual tribute to the ruler of the empire which had conquered them. This rule was rigidly enforced, as a pernicious reminder to the conquered nation, as well as being required to sustain the government and expense of the army.

Likewise should we—who were once rebels against God and His just and wise government, but found pardon, mercy and benefits when we laid down the arms of rebellion against Him—be glad of the opportunity to return unto Him a willing share of the gain which we have obtained through His blessing, that by

so doing the cause of righteousness may be strengthened, the treasury of the Army may be filled to more vigorously prosecute the war against Sin and Selfishness, and our submission to His government may be signified. God accepts no compulsory tribute, but invites and rewards voluntary offerings. Let us give cheerfully and generously!



**Weekly Watchword:**  
**The Imitation of Christ.**

"Lead me, O Jesus, Thy Spirit give,  
 Then I'll be like Thee each day I live;  
 Cleansed in the Fountain, filled with the  
 Fire,  
 Nearing Thy likeness, grant my desire."

**DAILY TUTRIC.**

**SUNDAY.**

In His Footsteps.—John xiii. 15.

We have abundant evidence in the fact that we are expected not only to receive the teaching of Christ, but to do His work, and to do it in His way. Only by such obedience can we reflect His likeness and attract and move mankind with the impulse of His grace. Christ in us—word, thought, and action—is our hope for influencing the world.

—X—

**MONDAY.**

Pure as He is Pure.—I. John iii. 3.

This is high ground, but God's standard declared through His Word. We could never hope to attain His ideal with sin's smallest stain upon mind or heart. We may be so cleansed in heart that one every motive will be towards God, one every ambition centred on His Kingdom's advance; in this we shall be following our Great Example.

—X—

**TUESDAY.**

Like Him in Thought.—Phil. ii. 5.

The devil in our thoughts is in his subtlest form, and to have his influence wholly removed leads us to have victory indeed. Let us claim and cultivate the mind of Christ, so that we may think His thoughts on the world's problems.

and judge all questions from His standpoint.

—X—

**WEDNESDAY.**

Like Him in Humility.—Matt. xi. 20.

This is a hard lesson. Man is not naturally humble, but in the service of Christ pride is absolutely one of the chief sins, and one of the greatest obstacles in the way of nearing His likeness. Christ's humility stopped at no mental service for humanity, no lowering of dignity for others' good, no loss of reputation which meant the upliftment of the degraded and down-trodden—neither should ours.

—X—

**THURSDAY.**

Growing in His Grace and Glory.—

II. Cor. iii. 12.

The more we have advanced in like-ness to the Great Example, the more we may advance. There is no end to the spiritualizing possibilities which may make and mould our natures. By constant and continual growth in grace, by daily upward steps in faith and love towards God and men, we may be conformed to the image of His Son.

—X—

**FRIDAY.**

His Life Made Manifest in Ours.—

II. Cor. iv. 11.

It is to this end that we are to cultivate Christlike traits of character and Christlike acts in life. We are to be representatives of Himself. We are to be the living epistles known and read of all men in which the letters of His love for the lost are written. God help us, that in our deepest hearts we may be worthy of such a calling and unfailingly fulfil it.

—X—

**SATURDAY.**

When we see Christ Fully, 'We see His Reflection in us.—I. John iii. 2.

To see Christ in the Gloryland we

must already have the reflections of His love and light in our hearts. And the more we are able, with spiritual vision, to see Jesus in our mortal life, the more of Himself will the world be able to detect in our life and labors.



**The Result of Murmuring.**

**Numbers xli.**

This lesson gives us a glance at some of the home circumstances of the life of the great law-giver. That they were not altogether harmonious is evidenced by the disunion which his brother and sister manifested towards him.

Aaron and Miriam were both remarkable for their natural abilities. The latter must have had a wonderful gift of song, for she led the triumphal hymns after the passing through the Red Sea. Besides this she had the still more wonderful gift of prophecy, which enabled her to foresee and foretell. To Aaron was given the silver tongue of eloquence, the power of persuasive speech. His ability to talk effectively was so great that God had made him the mouth-piece of his brother, and thus the second agency through which He dealt with Israel. Both brother and sister were indeed contrasts to their retiring and humble brother, whose halting speech and unostentatious manner was the more

marked by the side of their brilliant charms.

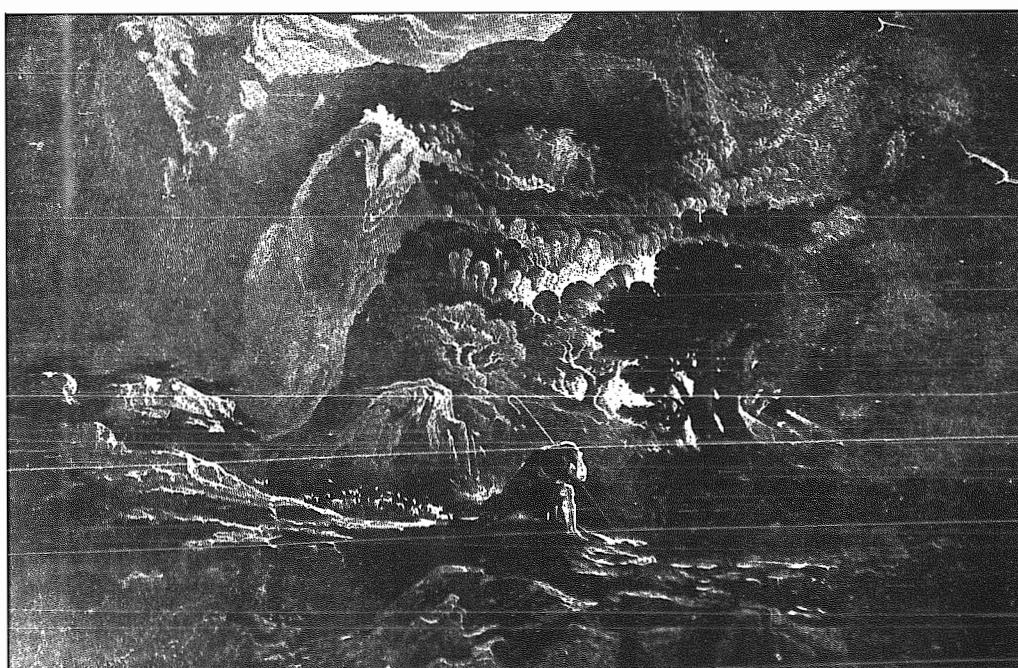
It is but an illustration of the oft demonstrated fact that natural ability in itself is no guarantee of God's good favor. How often has He delighted to exalt the humble and obscure in preference to the talented and popular. The question is not what we are, but of what use we can be to His Kingdom, which determines our position, and a simple heart overflowing with love to God will be of more service than a clever mind pre-occupied with its own interests.

Clever people as Aaron and Miriam were, they were not above stooping to harbor the meanest of vice which even assailed the human heart—that of jealousy. Although they were already in positions of prominence, and sharers to some extent of the dignity of their brother's office, they envied his supreme command of the people, and stirred up strife and envy against him. Of course misery followed, as it always does, in the train of this hateful sin.

Especially jealousy unreasonable and unjust when it is fostered towards those on whom the manifest favor of God rests, and who have been declared His chosen servants and leaders for their prominence by miracle and other unmistakable signs. Aaron and Miriam were not ignorant of the call which had brought Moses into his present position. They had heard of the convincing moment on the lonely mountain side, when from out of the midst of the Fiery Bush the voice of Jehovah had bade the shrinking human soul, "Thy sins give place to the courage which leads God to his hosts first, even when it means publicity for self, which is little congenial or cared for."

The result of the murmuring was direct and dreadful, ill falling upon the envious. Punishment sooner or later must fall upon the soul which violates the commandments of God, "Thou shalt not covet." Jealousy rarely harms its object—it appears as though Justice steps in to protect the innocent, but it generally steps with contumacious and law and disdains the soul of the jealous.

Let us stamp out its most minute beginnings in our hearts, and by the power of pure love keep its insidious advances out of our life.



GOD SPEAKING TO MOSES FROM THE MIDST OF THE FIERY BUSH.



## The Harvest Festival.

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER.

THE bugle-call of the War has signalled again the advance of the Harvest Festival battle. Since we last triumphed upon this ground many changes have taken place. Some who labored with us then have turned back and left us; some have gone to labor in other fields, and some have been called to the land far distant, where harvest is eternal. But we are here—here to tell the story of how all through the journey God's love remains the same, and, at this very hour, while the world abounds with manifestations of His goodness, and all nature is atrill with its anthem of praise, we would join in its chorus and let all nations hear our shout of gratitude. Who has more reason to let others know and profit by what God has done for us? His goodness has glorified our brightest days, and thrown back the shadows of our saddest nights. In sorrow's deep waters we have met His presence. Hemmed in by thickets of perplexity He has brought us out, making the more blessed their mystery by the after-explanation. Spent strength and arduous effort for the seeking of the lost have obtained for us threefold recompence in the joy God has given.

### A Universal Blessing.

The Harvest Festival is an institution of universal blessing; it has proved to tens of thousands who have labored in its support how much more profitable it is to give than to receive. Then it is an endeavor in which the smallest and poorest can help—those to whose lot it has not fallen to either write or cash cheques may bring to the altar a share of the garden's produce, or with needle and thread make rich the treasury of the Lord. It is a powerful attraction for arresting the attention of numbers who know little of our organization, making us many new friends. Its importunate demands introduce our Salvation work into scores of new homes which our officers would not visit otherwise. It is one of our readiest means for replenishing our war chest, from which supplies are furnished for new ammunition to all points of the Territory.

It speaks to a whole world our great reason for praise-giving, and our practical rendering of what we have in thank-offering.

Now, my dear comrades, as your leader I must ask you again to give me your help in this effort. We must not grow weary in well-doing, but let the accomplishments of the past pledge us to greater in the future. Don't let the devil trick you out of doing *anything*, because you can't do *much*. Don't let the devil persuade you to do *little* when you might do *more*. Don't say *no* to requests for your service when you could say *yes*! Remember, as a *saved soul*, as a professed follower of Jesus, as a

soldier in His cause, there rests upon you a measure of responsibility for pushing His claims which you will never be able to shun. God will give the grace if you will supply the energy, and again ten thousand hands and hearts united in the bonds of love for God and souls, will compel a victory, surprising the world and even ourselves.

### Special Importance.

To this particular Harvest Festival there is the additional importance attached of being the first since we embraced the vast propositions of the Century Scheme. It must keep pace with our other brilliant records. Need I say we must eclipse last year? Will not this be the cry of my every officer and soldier? Again, our best last year would not be our best now. Our position is stronger, our opportunity wider, our faith greater and our love for the Flag even so much deeper.

There will be heavy difficulties to face in the battle, but let each opponent find us strong in the unseverable bond of unity, being one in determination for victory. So that in each striking we shall strike together—strike hard—strike high—strike until we strike the target, and a shout reaching to the uttermost parts of the Territory declares the unequalled triumph of 1899.

### OFFICERS' AND SOLDIERS' COUNCILS AT LISGAR ST.

Our faith was a little doubtful as to what sort of spirits our people would be in after a day's outing the day previous at Lambton Mills. Promptly, however, at 9:30, with the exception of only one officer, who was a little late, we began our officers' council.

The key-note of the morning session was Harvest Festival. The Brigadier went with them all in an intelligent manner, and no one after it ought to be in the dark as to what Harvest Festival money is really used for. After a few words from Major Turner, we separated for dinner.

Again at 2:30 God came especially near. The officers assembled apparently with good spiritual appetites for all that was in store for them in the afternoon meeting. The topic was, "How to secure our Harvest Festival Target." The Brigadier took his lesson from the 4th chapter of Nehemiah, verse 21, "So we labored in the work, and half of them



held the spars from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared." Nehemiah's task, his dedication in building the walls of Jerusalem, the way he took up his work, and the glorious success that God gave him, were vividly portrayed by the Brigadier. In the singing of the song, "I will trust Thee," all the 30 officers present felt more than ever like looking to God, instead of allowing their circumstances to govern them. Many officers spoke of the great blessing received in connection with this meeting.

At night a most enthusiastic gathering was held. The soldiers had come together from Richmond St., Lippincott, and Dovercourt. Ensign Baillie and 16 minutes were the time from 5:45 to 8 p.m. Presently at 8 o'clock the Major gave out the old-timer, "My soul is now united to Christ, the Living Vine." After prayer the Brigadier explained to the assembled soldiers and officers the purpose of Harvest Festival, and its benefits to the corps. His explanations apparently gave a great deal of satisfaction to all present. The drum-head concert of Saturday night was greatly in evidence, and shewed by his face and the tears standing in his eyes, that God had done a great work for him. The Brigadier called him to the platform, saying, "Major,—" He stated that these words were a favorite text in promoting all philanthropic endeavors, and if rightly applied can be made a great lever in promoting our work. Twelve raised their hands for fuller consecration in God's service, seven of the twelve came on publicly and surrendered themselves to God. Hallelujah!

Great credit is due to Ensign and Mrs. Fox, in arranging meals for the officers on the premises.

We shall look forward to another gathering of this kind in the near future. Officers were present from the surround-

### SOWING AND REAPING.

Was found in the street selling virtue for bread and disgusted with life. She was persuaded to come to the Rescue Home, and there found salvation, social and spiritual.

To-day she is the trusted and esteemed housemaid of a leading family in M—



ing corps in addition to the city, among them the D. O.'s from Hamilton and Bowmanville.

The assurance received from every officers present was that the H. F. target would not only be secured, but in many instances would doubtless be left far behind.

### STAFF SOLDIERS SEE A GLORIOUS DAY AT LIPPINCOTT.

Sunday night was a great time. God was greatly present. Major Deshler based her remarks on "Peter's Denial," which carried conviction. The soldiers were in the best of spirits and held on with prayer and faith, and presently they came, until we found seven kneeling at His feet. One dear man was completely overcome, and after the fight had shone into his soul he kept repeating, "Even me! Even me!" The Bandmaster was also very much happy. Private (Major) Collier made an excellent door-keeper, Bro. (Adj'ty) Lippincott stuck to the drum. Capt. (Capt.) Keating did something very fine, approaching a glory fit. Private (Staff-Capt.) Crockett and our noble Dr. (Adj'ty) Keating did a proper war dance. Oh it was good to be there! In the wind-up Jim Favored us with his favorite:

"I'm ha-p-p-y,  
I feel that I could fly,  
And soar away to Jesus beyond the  
starry sky;  
My name is in the book,  
You'll find it if you look,  
I'm going to reign with Jesus by-and-  
by."

J. S. Pugmire, Bandsman.

### Our Pacific Leader's Loss.

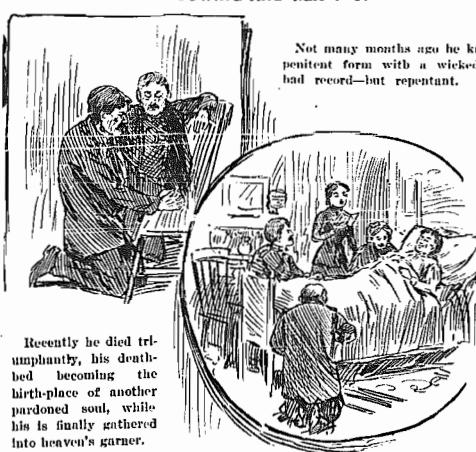
(Special)

Brigadier and Mrs. Howell desire to express their appreciation and thanks for the many letters and messages of sympathy which they have received from comrades and friends after the death of their little Victor.

### Mrs. Read at St. Catharines.

(By wire.)

Mrs. Read's visit to Garden City proved a splendid week-end. Good crowds attended, great interest was manifested. Mayor Keating presided at Social Meeting. League of Mercy was commissioned. Harvest Festival is O. K.—Ensign Williams.



Recently he died triumphantly, his deathbed becoming the birth-place of another pardoned soul, while his is finally gathered into heaven's garner.



THEIR sheaves. To me that single pronoun means of such significance that I would like to halise it in all renderings. The sheaves that they brought to the celestial storehouse were their own—not bought or borrowed gifts fetched from the fields of others, but treasures taken from their own garner, gathered in their own particular corner of the great vineyard, and the offspring of personal painstaking toil.

I know that the four following stories run the risk of the criticism, "More suitable for Self-denial." But I ask does not "their sheaves" gain its emphasis from the fact of possession, and if a dear one of a certain amount of denial too. And even if this were not so I could not, and would not care otherwise to believe than that the truest indication of a thankful heart is a spirit that wounds self in offering its gift.

The room was about the dullest and ugliest imaginable. How could it help but be, for the only time that sun ever made an inspection of it was so early in the morning that its rays, though bright, were yet very cold, and he did little more than throw a gleam

would give to carry out in full the direction of these words and cheer others with what God had cheered her. Instantly her eyes fell upon the sunbeam, and it was fading upon that little floor. It had cheered her, but only for a moment, even that. Then a little note reminded her of a joy which for months had been her chief solace—her little bird.

Could it be that this was her greatest cheer—because, if so, would not its giving be the greatest evidence of her thanks.

Two days later the Army barracks was robed in its festive dress of thanksgiving. It was a very pretty sight—the wheel footed and well-gilded chairs and armchairs. But what attracted more attention than all these was the warbling note of a little aged songster perched amongst the golden grain. All through the service it stayed there, and when the song rang out, its shrill, sweet voice joined in too, as if voicing its giver's gratitude to the God of all good. There was no donor's ticket on the stage, and none but the Captain knew that these bird-notes sang farewell songs to one quiet woman in rusty uniform. Only God and the angels looked down upon the little room—now only cheered by the one solitary morning ray, and filled the heart of the ceaseless machine worker with music, which came from a heart which in some sweet way had said a "thank You" to the skies.

—X—

"This should not be allowed—cannot, shall not be." The voice was angry and disturbed, and it went on to mutter something about "sacrifice, desecration," and like kindred terms.

"What is the matter, Bro. Robson?" The J. S. Sergt.-Major's ears always seemed to hear even a whisper. (Perhaps that was why the tiny toils loved her so much.)



of good-morning across the floor before departing to beautify more beautiful spots. Yet could the sun have known how much his daily visit meant to that wan little room, perhaps he could have come often and longer. Every morning the tired eyes of the worn-out woman on the little pallet bed, which, with a table, chair, and sewing-machine made up the sole furniture of the room, had learnt to enclose at the first brightening ray from the East, or whatever the hour she had sat by the light of a spattering candle, turning the wheel of the mechanist's instrument of torture, she never missed sunrise. It woke her some time up too, the only other occupant of the square space chamber, somebody who smiled in sleep at the sight and nearly burst its tiny throat in inviting the sunbeam to stay.

One morning the young seamstress awoke with the troubled face of one who had slept with some question undecided and yet forgotten. Feeling almost the scraps of cotton on the floor, the machine she drew out the folded sheet of a War Cry torn down at a large printed notice headed "Harvest Festival." It was a plain appeal especially to the Army's own people to show their gratitude to God. "Out of the gifts with which God has cheered you, cheer others." These were the words which Jane Steen read, and this the point round which the problem revolved.

God had been good to her, she must thank Him this harvest—just how? The pay which her hard toil brought was hardly sufficient to give her the modest food or pay the rent of the tiny lodgings. She could give nothing out of that. Besides she felt how much she

than I have often seen grown-up people take when asked for a quarter from a well-filled purse. "When you come to see me like this, he brought the dog and trussed him up here. I don't know which was the sorriest to part. When he turned away he said to me so wistfully, 'What if he shouldn't be sold, Sergt.-Major?' 'If you have given him to God, dear, he would still be His, wouldn't he?' 'Oh, yes. Well then, Sergt.-Major, I could give him away.' 'He won't have to do that,' said Bro. Robson kindly. 'I'll buy Wriggles and I know what I'll do with him, too.'

—X—

Something laid up against a rainy day—wrote of Mrs. Middleton. Middleton's get-up. It was a home-made one, but no more the worse for that, than the stocking of homespun in which she carried it out.

Life had not gone smoothly with her since "her John," as she always spoke of him, first slept in the little cemetery under the hill. Martha was as thrifty as she was hard-working, and by management and toil had succeeded to keep the home up, and to put something in the stocking as well. She was now seventy-two and the rainy days had not come yet. Martha was still in the little cottage, and on her parish allowance managed to get along outside the edge of absolute need.



When the Harvest Festival collector put a sunshiny face round the door and presented her pretty blue card for general specimen gaze, the old lady did not give her even a warm reception—giving had never been in her line, getting was more congenial.

Then the visitor had spoken about the goodness of God, how He had cared for the lonely woman all these years, and the claim upon gratitude which such bounteous giving had. Mrs. Middleton listened touched against her will.

"But what has this poor old woman like to give?" she said. "It's no good talking about your giving, it's no good to me. Do you think one as lives on an allowance of a dollar a week, keeps a purse?" Then she stopped—for she thought of the stocking. She knew just where it lay behind the bricks in the chimney corner, and just how much there was in it, for she had been counting it that morning. Could some of its small store be the stewardship God wanted?

A minute or two later the brick was pulled out and the stocking laid on the table before the Salvationist's astonished eyes.

"Here you are, my dears," said Mrs. Middleton, hastily gathering up three dollar bills from the little dirty roll and thrusting them into the girl's hand. "There's those as wants it more than me, and it's a good offering to the Lord." It kept it in a glass jar decently bearing and buy a big o' black for my Maria when I'm gone. But it's all right, God's been very good to me, and He shall have it. I'll trust Him for the rest," and though Mrs. Middleton meant to be very brave, some very real "ars" fell upon the divided store, for the sacrifice of her thank-offering was more than in name.

—X—

"I wish," said the Sergt.-Major, "he might hear you."

"I fear me! Not he. Things like that don't know nothing."

"I'm not so sure of that," said the gentle voice; "but I was not thinking of the dog, but it's given. Wriggles is a Harvest Festival gift, Bro. Robson."

The latter gave a short exclamation of disgust at the unconventional name, but restrained his impatience to ask who had given such a strange gift.

"It's Brown, one of our little Juniors, to whom that dog was all the world. He told me that he's never thanked God by giving before, and he did want to do something. Then he thought of the dog—his one treasure, and it took him less time to make up his mind to give it

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, MISS BOOTH,

Will conduct

### TWO SPECIAL MEETINGS

in the

### PAVILION, TORONTO,

on

Sunday, Sept. 3rd, at 3 and 7.30 p.m.

Subject for the Evening:  
"ONE SIDE TOO HIGH."

were happy hearts and theirs a happy home after that. Then came the Harvest Festival, and, of course, both Bob and Mrs. Bob felt their grateful hearts urging them to some gift. It was the wife that had the idea, and she presented her remarks with the assurance of course there's the show coming on."

So there was, but that did not dismiss the subject from Bob's mind. His wife knew by the way he fingered the last year's medals that night, and special visits that he paid to inspect the pumpkin corner that it had not. That night she heard him whispering, while they were praying, "The best for You, Jesus, the best for You, W. W. W. says some horrified somebody, thinking about a pumpkin? Yes, dear reader, about something that is precious to self and of possible service to God's war.

Next morning Mrs. Bromley saw her husband start off bright and early down the garden path with the prize pumpkin swinging from his hand. She knew well enough his errand, but womanly curiosity prompted one question:



"What, away so early," she called. "Are you taking to the Fair already?"

"No," she said. "It's for the harvest." "I'm taking it to the barricade,"

"Bless you," shouted his little wife, hurrying out to give him a kiss of approbation and sympathy. "It don't weigh heavy enough to

show our gratitude to Him as has done so much for us. But what's that bag you've got in the other hand?"

"Potatoes to tip the scale with,"

Bob's reply.

## Harvest Festival.

### SPECIAL MEETINGS

Will be conducted on

Sunday, August 27th,

as follows:

Lippincott—Lt. Col. Margetts.

St. Catharines—Brig. Gaskin.

Lisgar St.—Brigadier Friedrich.

Temple—Brigadier Pugmire.

Newmarket—Brig. Mrs. Read.

Barrie—Major Collier.

Richmond St.—Staff-Captain Creighton.

Cobourg—Staff-Capt. Manton.

Yorkville—Adjutant Wiseman.

Oshawa—Adjutant Adams.

# Questions

For You to Answer

## To Your Heart.

By the TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.



LIEUT-COLONEL MARGETT.

1. Because God, in gracious consideration and infinite mercy, has not favored us above and beyond our forefathers, by the temporal gifts He has given us, the national and spiritual privileges and freedom He has placed in our hands; by the sacrifice He has made in the life, death and resurrection of His Son for our soul's salvation; and by the abundance of produce, fruit and flowers with which He has blessed our land, should we be any the less thankful than were the Israelites of old?

—X—

2. If, according to custom, we expect, when we do a kindness to each other, to receive in return for the kindness exercised a "Thank you," what kind of a response of gratitude should we, as happy, healthy, God-favored, God-blessed people, make Him this harvest time?

—X—

3. What do the following verses mean if they do not instruct us to hold a Harvest Festival? "Thou shalt keep the feast . . . of the harvest, the first fruits of thy labors." Ex. xxiii, 16, 19. "Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits." Ex. xxii, 20. "When ye shall have gathered in the fruits of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord." Lev. xxiii, 20.

—X—

4. Is it not a fact that the poor have a right to live? If so, how are they to do it without food to eat and clothing to wear?

—X—

5. "Thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of the field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. Thou shalt not GLEAN thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor," was the old law (See Lev. xix, 9-10) relating to harvesting when sickles and men did what "lunbers" do to-day. Now that science has taken the gleanings from the poor, has not the farmer all the greater right to give?

—X—

6. The Harvest Festival is an institution which puts the farmer, and, in fact, all men in a position to come forward and help to feed and clothe God's poor? What will you do and give to help swell its resources?

—X—

7. If, when the Philippines and the United States are being ruptured by war, and France and Spain are agitated by internal strife and difficulty; if, while Russia is ravished by famine, and India and China by disease, OUGHT our country to be enjoying PEACE and PLENTY, how much do we, as a nation, and as individuals, owe to God on that account?

—X—

8. Seeing that the proceeds of the Harvest Festival help to pay off the debts of the poorer and struggling corps, to relieve the heavy strain upon the Provincial Funds, and to help furnish the wherewithal to keep the Men's and Children's Shelters and Women's Rescue Homes going, will you not do your very UTMOST to lift the H. F. returns higher than they ever were?

—X—

9. If in '92 we raised \$3,003.21; in '93, \$6,210.18; in '94, \$7,119.83; in '95, \$9,763.77; in '96, \$11,525.50; in '97, \$13,723.63; and in '98, \$13,255.56, how

much ought we to raise this year, now that the scheme is better understood, and we are marching on in other directions?

—X—

10. Seeing that during the past three years we have made the following advances: increased 15 corps, 4 Rescue Homes, 7 Shelters, 50 officers, 1,305 local officers, 2,113 Senior Soldiers, 2,101 Junior Soldiers, 2,945 Band of Love members, 582 Junior Soldier companies weekly, and 6,414 Junior Soldiers attendance weekly; and that we supply to the poor 9,075 meals and 5,076 beds per month, more than we did then, besides caring for a high number of fallen girls and women children, which means that our needs are all the greater, will you not help us to go further and faster still in the same direction?

—X—

11. Love thy neighbor as thyself is the one great law. In the light of this and the above facts, and if you knew that the H. F. would be the last public effort on earth in which you will engage, what kind of an effort would you make? Will you be as earnest and diligent as though you realized this was?

—X—

12. What do you purpose to do personally to make this year's H. F. as big a success, spiritually as financially? How much will you pray? What faith will you exercise? What work will you do? What sacrifices will you make to speak and deal with those around you about their precious, immortal soul's salvation? What chances will you give to God to bless YOUR OWN SOUL?

## The Great Festivals.

### A Brief History According to Scripture.

By STAFF-CAPT. ARCHIBALD.

Harvest Festivals are no new creation with us, in fact this institution is as old as the history given of God's chosen people, the Jews. Where we only celebrate one, I find that those people of God had five great festivals, instituted by the Almighty Himself; viz:

1. The Feast of the Passover (Easter time).
2. The Feast of Pentecost (Whitsunday).
3. The Feast of Tabernacles (autumn).
4. The Feast of Trumpets (autumn).
5. The Day of Atonement (autumn).

Besides these five yearly festivals two others were instituted afterwards, though not by Divine appointment, viz., the Feast of Purim and the Feast of Dedication. The Feast of Purim (Lots) was instituted to commemorate the deliverance of the Jews from the plot of Haman. The Feast of Dedication was instituted to commemorate the re-dedication of the Temple, B. C. 160, to the service of God, after it had been profaned by Antiochus Epiphanes. This last is still kept on Dec. 25th, our Christmas Day.

The Feast of the Passover was instituted the night before Israel departed out of Egypt. We now celebrate the same time of the year the passion and resurrection of Christ, Who was crucified at this Festival.

#### The Ancient Harvest Festival.

The Feast of Pentecost was held fifty days after the Passover. It continued one day, and was instituted to thank God for the fruits of the wheat-harvest.

It was originally called the Feast of Weeks, because it had seven weeks after the Passover. From Pentecost it is called Whitsunday, because the Holy Ghost descended on the Apostles in the shape of "seven tongues of fire." The Feast of Pentecost was the beginning of the Harvest Home Festivals. "From such time as thou beginnest to pull the sickle to the corn." "And thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God, thou and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy man servant, and thy maid servant, and the Levite that is with thy gates, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, and that thou keep the feast of Weeks unto the Lord thy God with a tribute of a free-will offering of thine hand, which thou shalt give unto the Lord thy God, according as the Lord thy God hath blessed thee."

The Feast of Tabernacles finished up the Harvest Festivals. It was held in September, lasting eight days, which the meetings were good and well attended. The sinners went over their wretched state, but none would yield. Every store on Main Street buys the War Cry; such a thing in any town I never knew before.—Bro. Unow, for Capt. Sloane.

time the people dwelt in booths or tabernacles in commemoration of their sojourn in the wilderness. At this feast baskets of various fruits and flowers were carried in procession. It was customary to carry in the right hand branches of palm willow and myrtle tied together, and in the left hand a bunch of citron with its fruits. These branches were called "Hosanna," and the last, or great day "Hosanna in the Highest." This will explain why the people shouted these words when the Lord entered into Jerusalem on the anniversary of this very festival.

#### The Targets.

The annual number of animals offered up by the Jews in sacrifice was 11,000 heads, 132 bullocks, 12 rams, 12 bulls, 2 goats, besides all the other offerings offered by private individuals and the offering of bread, vegetables, oil, wine, etc. Wave offerings were placed by the hands of the Priest into the hands of the officer and he waved them to and fro to indicate that God was possessor of both heaven and earth.

"They went not empty-handed," each man took with him the first born of all the cattle and a "tithe of all his corn" (wheat), wine, and oil. God's promise that no thieves or spoilers should molest them on their way, not injure their property during their absence was a standing miracle till the death of our Saviour.

Now, comrades, we are plainly taught that the harvest festival is of divine origin, and if we are to receive the blessing we must, alike to all other promises given to us, comply with the conditions. It must be of the best that we offer unto the Lord, also it is to be a free-will offering for the many mercies and the goodness of God during the past year. Surely we can say, "He overcometh our path with loving kindness." We have so many coming to God continually for blessings empty-handed. Thanking to God as God has blessed you and rich blessings will still bless you and richly bless you. Who can sit so richly in His mercy and love. The poor were remembered in these feasts. "For the poor shall never cease out of the land, therefore I command thee saying, Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to the needy of the land." Thus we shall ever seek in our Army efforts to toil amongst the poor and needy, and gather a rich harvest of precious souls to lay in His feet in the great reaping time which shall open up to us in eternity.

## FOUR REPRESENTATIVES OF WEST ONTARIO.

SP. THOMAS.—Our hall on Sunday night was packed to the door, the attraction being a "Roast Meeting," given by the children. The meeting was very impressive. Although there were very visible signs we believe much good was done. One of our little Juniors, Willie Matthews, sold 23 War Crys on the streets last week. Willie is only six years old, and is a real little Salvationist. The Juniors had a picnic a short time ago. They had a good time.—B. G.

BLENNIEHM.—On Sunday we had one of the resident ministers with us. He took the platform and said some good things about the Army. Tuesday we had our worldly D. O. and his bright-eyed little wife and handsome Cadet with us—Adjt. and Mrs. Coombs and child. Despite the intense heat we had a very good crowd. Harvest Festival is now on and we hope to eclipse any previous year.—Int. Groom.

PALMERSTON.—Palmerston and Listowel held a united picnic on the 1st of August (Civic Holiday). The picnic was well attended by soldiers and friends of the S. A. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves immensely. Palmerston Juniors, with their little flags, appeared splendidly under the leadership of Sergt-Major Blodgett, assisted by his staff of teachers and the warriors' brass band.—J. S. Wroter.

HESPELER.—We are glad to say this morning that the prospects look bright for grand victory. It is very satisfactory to say that on Sunday night everything was done for the open-air meeting, and good old brother who lives in the country, Capt. and Mrs. Cox spent Saturday and Sunday with us, the meetings were good and well attended. The sinners went over their wretched state, but none would yield. Every store on Main Street buys the War Cry; such a thing in any town I never knew before.—Bro. Unow, for Capt. Sloane.

## Two Sudden Calls.

One Repented—The Other had no Chance.

I.

A few days ago I was called in the early morning to come and see a young woman who was dying. I hastened to the house, alas! only to find one who, despite the earnest pleadings of the Spirit of meeting, had only a week or so before. That sudden disease, consumption, had weakened her frame, and it was clear that she had but a short time to live. Oh, the anxiety that that soul manifested in that hour. How sensitive to the sad fact that she had wasted her time in sin, and wilfully grieved God, and now soon must meet Him, she suffered untold anguish. She cried out in agony, "It's now that I want salvation!"

We urged her to cast herself on God's mercy, which she did, and though at such a late hour, to all appearance obtained the pardon she sought. But I say this not to encourage prostration on your part, it is still better to lay to magnify the love and mercy of God. Who is not willing that one should perish.

She lived a few days after and often expressed her thankfulness to God for His boundless mercy, and her desire to get strong enough to do something for Him, which seemed to me to be the strongest evidence of genuine conversion. She warned those unsaved ones who visited her not to put off salvation as she did. Also promised to be a soldier if spared, but God willed it otherwise. Sunday evening just two weeks after her last visit to the barracks, her soul took its flight to meet God.

Tuesday afternoon we gave her an Army funeral, and laid her to her last rest, that of her soul's home, which for several years had been a faithful soldier at this corps, but had gone to Jesus a few months before, and perhaps in answer to whose prayers this soul had found mercy. We took advantage of the occasion to warn the unsaved to prepare to meet God. Seven souls knelt at the penitent form at the night meeting.

II.

While preparing for this funeral a message came to us, "Please go and tell Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ of the loss of her husband on the banks." We went and performed this sad duty. The sad news fell almost like a death-blow on the poor woman's ears. About the first we heard from her was, "God's not saved!" Gone are not saved!"

He had been a regular attendant at the Army meetings, desirous and intending to get saved, but death overtook him sooner than he expected, and he in all probability met God unsaved.

Sinner, these warnings speak to you. Perhaps death will meet you when least you expect it. Watch and be ready.—M. B., Fortino, Nfd.



Sister Renney, of Carbonar,  
Gone to Heaven.

Death has again visited our ranks and borne away one of our number to the realms of bliss. The chariot was lowered on July 11th, and Sister Jessie Renney stepped in, after giving us to understand that she was not afraid to die.

The funeral took place on the 13th, and, according to her father's wish, she was laid by the side of her mother in the Methodist Cemetery. Quite a crowd attended the funeral, and as we stood around the open grave and sang, "Shall we Meet Beyond the River?" many a tear was shed, and once again we professed to meet each other on the other side.

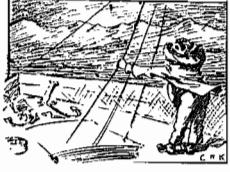
Many a heart was touched, and we have no doubt but the death of our young sister will be the means of raising to life some spiritually dead souls who have known her.

Still on and ever on, is our motto.—Lieut. Trask, for Adj't. M. Newson.



By ONE OF OUR ARTISTS.

**F**ROM Vancouver to San Francisco by boat is a trip which covers nearly three days. Leaving Vancouver in the morning we take The Sound boat for Victoria, a delightful six hours' ride. It is the scenery is beautiful; and although it has not the grandeur of the Rockies, it is full of interest. In places our course takes us quite close to the shore, which is heavily wooded nearly all the way. One gets such views on the Peterboro Lakes—not on the same scale, of course, but the general formation is very similar.



As we come within sight of the Olympic Mountains the picture is a truly glorious one. It is a beautiful day and the bright afternoon sun tinges the snow-capped mountains with delicate colors not to be described.

One sometimes sees gorgeous sunsets when there are "mountains in the clouds," beautiful rose colors and purples—that is what these mountains look like as I stood in the breeze and watched them gradually—very gradually—drawing nearer.

One man makes a mad rush past you in pursuit of his hat, as it sails away, while the others, losing their firmly onto their heads, and you look to see that your hat-guard is securely fastened.

The captain is a typical old skipper.

A man stands on the bridge; he gives you, on the deck below, the impression that he is a pompous old fellow with very ample ideas of his own importance; but, entering into conversation with him later, one is pleased to find him a kindly, polite and genial old gentleman.

Reaching Victoria about 7 in the evening you have a wait for one hour, which usually divides into two, or two and a half.

Some avail themselves of this opportunity to see something of the city; but there is much to interest one in loitering about the wharfs. A number of Japs—probably thirty—are embarking for "Frisco"; many laborers—many from the old lands, whose nationality is not easy to decide: one young Irishman who towers above you—he is nearly seven feet tall six, and height; and he is going to San Francisco to apply for a position in the "canteen," newspaper and other business men whose affairs have taken them north and who are now on their way home; tourists with unlimited luggage, which seemed to take a deal of looking after—the baggage clerks were the busy men. Many and varied are the people one meets at such a time.

It is nearing 10 o'clock when, at last you are off. The people on board are yet strangers to you, and it is rather late in the day to begin making acquaintances; so as soon as the purser has assigned you to your berth you gladly resign to sleep.

But one's sleep is broken by much whistling through the night. The fog is dense, and what seems like continuous whistling is kept up till daylight. You fall into a beautiful sleep then, from which you are aroused by the call to breakfast.

You respond to the good-mornings of your fellow-passengers, and are not a

little comforted to find that those who slept (?) in the same part of the boat rested no better than yourself.

You find that your sea appetite is with you, and you "fall to" with zest. The fare is excellent, and you soon look upon the lad who beats the gong as your personal friend and benefactor as he makes his regular round of the boat at meal-times.

Acquaintances soon spring up—you discover that the bright little clean-shaven chap with a somewhat "sporty" air is a San Francisco newspaper reporter. The inevitable bride and groom are here, of course; a

plunging down just as steep an incline on each side.

There is no occasion for fear, however,

as the wind and the dust would be quite sufficient support in case anything went wrong, or one fell from the car!



wealthy Isralite, who smokes vile-smelling Turkish cigarettes, and whose dark-eyed wife shows an inordinate fondness for jewellery, and gives him home as Paris, France.

There are four "Frisco men aboard who play poker all day long. One young fellow who has been active in the war with Spain is quite a political animal, and has an extensive repertoire of national songs.

The fog continues with occasional breaks, all the way down the coast, and the water is very still; Pacific it surely is.

Next morning one is roused to the idea that he is in a very rickety old building, and that the wind must be very strong to shake the place so. But it stops presently, and everything appears as firm and substantial as it was the night before, and then you realize that it was another force than wind which woke you. In fact, it was just the common "God-awful" earth-quake, which takes the place of porter, or calling-boy, in the mornings.

To an Easterner it seems very strange to see a large city composed almost entirely of wooden houses; but the effect is pleasing, the architecture is pretty, the houses are well-painted, and flowers and tropical shrubs and trees grow in profusion.

It only more of the streets were asphalted and the city was rid of those horrid cobble-stones!

What a beautiful place is Golden Gate Park! You just can't spend enough there. It is a "must" park to a large extent, but so cleverly is the artificial building done up that nature seems to be assisted, rather than the contrary, as is so often the case, by the co-operation of men in obtaining a harmonious effect.

A shoal of whalebone are sporting quite close to you, to one who has never seen the like before, it is a strange sight to see the great creatures come to the surface, blow, tumble about and plunge into the depths again.

One has heard much of Golden Gate, but it seems much the same as entering any other harbor. Crossing the bar is said to be a rough passage at times, but this day there is not swell noticeable. One point after another is passed and presently we come in sight of the end of our journey. The pilot's boat meets us and we are landed in ship number five.

Our baggage being passed by the customs officer, we find the "bus" for the hotel at which we mean to stop, but we don't start for it yet by any means. For what seems an interminably long time, we are kept waiting as the crowd of people keep pouring out of the gates.

Such a din on the "boulevard" and endless lines of men and horses, and men are certain strangers and carry them off bodily. At length we make our way up over the cobble-paved streets to our hotel. It is Sunday afternoon, but very little like a Sunday in Toronto.

Shortly after noon the Army passes the corner, and makes one think of home.

"Frisco is not the city of seven hills—it might well be called the city of seventy hills. Was ever another city built on such a hilly spot! Taking a cable car out one of the long streets running east



and west you find yourself apparently

sealing the face of a precipice, and the

## Do You Pay the Lord's Bill?

By ADJT. GIDEON MILLER.



What a blessing it would be if we had a few more people like Jacob. God was very good to him, as He is to us all, and blessed him greatly, for which Jacob was very thankful (Gen. xxviii, 10-22), and he felt he should in some way show his love and gratitude; therefore he vowed a vow and joined the Financial League, and promised while God gave him strength to call a trumpet to put on, he would give one-tenth of all he received. This he did, and it was kept up by the Children of Israel for a long time. The work of God did not lag or suffer for want of financial aid. But the Children of Israel got weary and stopped giving the tenth. We read in Nehemiah (xiii. 10-13) that after he built the walls of Jerusalem he found that the priests and those appointed to collect divine service had not been looked after and provided for, whereupon they had to leave Jerusalem and go far afield. This was the result of the people not giving the tenth. Nehemiah recovered the Financial League again, and put in treasurers, etc. Some time after that the Children of Israel robbed God and had kept back that which they should have given to support the work of God (Malachi iii. 8). "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me. But ye say, Wherein have ye robbed Me? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse." For ye to keep back what belongs to God is robbery. It brings curse instead of blessing. Men are received by giving. "Bring ye all the tithe into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out such a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." We find again in Luke (vi. 38) "Give, and it shall be given unto you, good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and overflowing over."

One of the first reasons that so many people have nothing to-day is simply because they give nothing. God will never bless a stingy soul. If our people would only give in a more systematic way a tenth of all their income, what a mighty blessing it would be all round. The officers' hands, which in a good many cases are tied, because of debts, that like great ghosts haunt them by day and night, are now free to go to meeting with a big burden on their mind, inquiring how to get a big collection to pay the rent, and be free to do some thinking and planning for the salvation of souls. The givers would receive greater blessing and would advance more in the divine life. For the liberal soul shall be made fat, and it's more blessed to give than to receive.

Many who profess to love God give in a very slip-shod way. They can pay their rent and grocery bills and all the rest, which is quite right they should; but they forget, somehow, they owe the Lord.

A brother told me the other day that he had been very careless in this respect, but he started at the beginning of this year to give a tenth of all his income. In giving his testimony the other day he said, "Since then God has indeed opened the windows of heaven and of blessing." Think God for those who do give a tenth and who are being persecuted by so many. But I am sorry to say that there are many more who have been careless and negligent in this matter in the past. If they would give as God expects them, they would get on better both temporally and spiritually.

## Good Old Human Nature.

The Salvation Army lassies of the Capital are fearless in doing their duty. One of the duties they weekly perform is of selling the Army paper, the War Cry.

The ladies are aggressive in the doing of good. They believe that the gospel should go to the people, and not that the people should go to it. So they take the paper and sell it in every place where men resort—offices, clubs, billiard halls, and bar-rooms.

And it speaks well for human nature in spite of the fact that these women have to visit such places they are always received with courtesy. They say they are never insulted or treated badly. Even the drunken men seem to respect the quiet blue dress and the pike bonnet that is the Army uniform.—Ottawa Journal.

# "The Greatest Religious Show on Earth."

## A MAGNIFICENT OBJECT-LESSON

Sown in Difficulties 34 Years Ago—Harvested with Rejoicing—Excellent Samples from all over the Globe.

**The Second Exhibition of the Salvation Army at work in all lands, in all, or nearly all, its agencies, was opened to Private View on Saturday, July 22nd. There was a muster of 6,000 London Local Officers and friends; a preliminary review of the Foreign Representatives, and one of the most brilliant displays of International life that has ever been witnessed in London. This took place in the gigantic Auditorium. The delegates present at the Exhibition marched past the General, and the General delivered a stirring address. The General's first day's meetings resulted in the salvation of over one hundred souls. To God be all the glory.**

### BY AN EYE WITNESS.

We are glad that the advantages to be derived from travel—once the monopoly of the rich—are now within the reach of all who possess even moderate means, but for those who do not possess even that, we have brought to them at this Exhibition the uttermost parts of the earth. There before them are people from every quarter of the globe, not merely dressed in the garments of the nations they represent, but at home.

The Laplanders hold their open-air in the snow by the native fires. Holland sits at home in its farm kitchen. India squats in red sand in the shade of its native hut. Africa creeps in and out of its own built kraals, and so on and so on. Setting aside every other consideration, the man, woman or child who has a passion for foreign parts, and who is eager to mix with other nations, will find our second Exhibition a palace of enchantment!

Turning to the right as we enter is the space allotted to the Naval and Military League, under the superintendence of Major Allen and Ensign Murray. Here two artistically-painted scenes form a background, while above them cluster weapons of military warfare. Tents and sentry-boxes are set off by a picture of the Himalayans, while a model of the "Ruby," built by one of our own men, heaves to and fro before a high sea, and while cliffs beneath the feet are shivered from the seashore, on which the bugler stands—and never forgets to blow his bugle!

In front of our miniature Naval Exhibition is placed a revolving photographic stand, showing pictures of men at their various duties, also views of different parts of the earth, and those visitors who are especially interested in the League may purchase souvenirs in the shape of dusting-brushes, made by the men. A branch establishment similar in decorations, exists in the gallery, where articles contributed and made by the Juniors, are sold for the benefit of the League.

In another part of the hall the Clerks of Staff's three oldest girls have a stall all to themselves, at which they sell various specimens of Naval and Military work. If they continue operations in the vigorous way they have begun, we fancy they will do a "roaring trade."

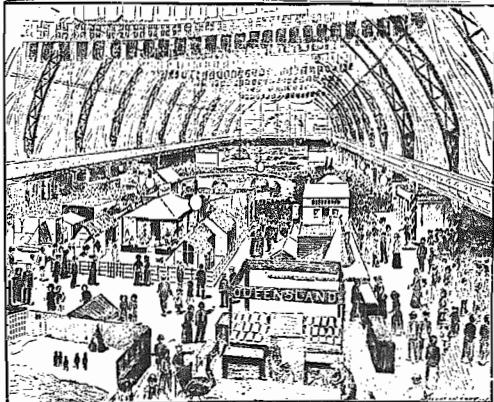
Occupying the extreme right-hand corner is the village war. Here a Van is situated, fitted up with sleeping and cooking accommodation; open-air services are held here, also in the model village barracks, which, in the natural order of things, takes the place of the Van when the work has made sufficient headway.

When we passed the Village Barracks late in the afternoon, a meeting was in full swing.

Diverging a few steps backward takes us into the Minor Hall, where the Lithographic Presses, Letterpress Printing, Photo-etching, Foundry, Compositors setting up War Crys, Electrical and Publication Departments; while the centre is occupied with Bookbinding and Matchmaking—all at work in full swing.

This is a Department that is well worth studying.

The space between the two flights of stairs leading to the gallery, is occupied by the International Headquarters, the Home Office, the Foreign Office, and Editorials.



THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE S. A. EXHIBITION.

On a line with these, we may mention for the benefit of our friends, is the refrigerating stall and the entrance leading to the dining rooms.

Another exit tempting in appearance is the abode of the Hadleigh Farm Colony.

In the Poultry Section are

### A Large Number of Prize Birds.

A peacock with a tail nearly a yard and a-half long; also a pond on which a number of happy ducks are sporting themselves. In quarters close by is a horse with a foal born this year, and a nice little donkey. Three different kinds of sheep, some short-horn cows, pigs, and some baby pigs a few days old. Two observatory hives of bees, and a Paris Colony pot of honey for sale. A return stall belonging to the Trade Department in Finsbury Road. Here on view, and for sale is the fair-famed Golden Tit Ten, from the "Tussalaya" estate, one pound boxes of which may be purchased at ten shillings each.

Beyond these last-mentioned, a considerable space is occupied with domestic requisites, in the form of washing-machines, perambulators, mail carts, bicycles, etc.

Next to claim attention is a

### Salvationist's House Furnished Throughout,

while in the corner the Outfit Department makes a good show, with serges, cashmeres, and ready-made garments waiting inspection. The Millinery establishment, from Luton, is here in full

swing, with bonnets trimmed and up-trimmed in all sizes.

A few steps further a loom is weaving by our special Army serge, while close by are specimens of our home-grown wool in every stage of the transforming process.

A display of quilts, curtains, dinner-linen, and juvenile clothing only engages our attention till our eyes catch sight of the inviting shade of the palm-covered Japanese Tea-garden. A purchase of tea from the adjoining stall entitles us to a cup of the refreshing beverage and entrance into the retreat.

Just as much devoted to business—the business of the Salvation Army—are the private-looking rows of offices in the corner, for here

### Candidates

are to be interviewed, and the work of the Corps is not overlooked.

Part of the above is a representation

of Norwegian life, the space used

being encompassed by the huge jawbones of a whale.

This enclosure stands a native hut, ornamented with reindeer horns, and also adorned by a line on which some dried fish are strung. These fish represent the staple food of the Danish Peasant. Here, also, is another loom for weaving, not one generally found in peasant houses, for it is of a pattern that has been discussed for nearly one hundred years, and only recently returned to favor and the popularity. It might be incapable of weaving any kind of material. A number of reindeer skins and fancy goods of native design are also on show.

### Sweden

has a model of the Salvation Army Headquarters of that country; but few

are to be interviewed, and the work of

the Corps is not overlooked.

est possible care, so delicate was their condition. To-day they are fed, clothed and educated, also instructed in various trades. In Gujarat they are taught agriculture, and in the Mysore Province, weaving. They are remarkably good children, many of them very athletic. Some sixty are Junior Soldiers, and a number look forward to officership.

On the right of the Indian Settlement stands a Dutch homestead, with windmills and imaginary water-courses, also a representation of a Dutch farmer's kitchen; while, close at hand, curiosities of the war, collected from all parts of the globe, are on exhibition in a museum erected for the purpose. Canada shows a model of a Salvation Army Shelter in Rlonfide, an Indian wigwam, and a dark-skinned brother,

### Tewauwka!—a Red Indian.

The picturesque attire of the Italian present claims our attention for Italy. Here alabaster busts, majolica ware are on view and exhibition, and among the exhibits are a sword and a gondola. Stretching across the room is a model of the Aegean Encampment and Party, by the Danish Encampment and Party, with Danish women; while Germany represents itself in the form of Luther's room, where the great Reformer is said to have written his famous Thesis.

There is also, in connection with Germany, a quantity of German toys, some of which are made by the little German children. A mechanical railway, which runs around several yards of rails, attracts a good deal of attention from the children. There is also a very good collection of photographs for sale on this stall.

Japan is, as ever, an attractive spot. Attached to it are tea gardens. The artistic dress of the women in chases, and the background of the curious edifice in which the temple is always screened on tiny stage a few inches in height, make a striking scene. There are many curious and interesting articles for sale at the stall, such as a selection of screens, fans, chopsticks, sandals, etc., etc.

Jamaica, with its curiously interwoven palm-leaf hut, has an entrancingly interesting collection of curios. There is what looks like fine lace work, but which we learn is the bark of some native tree. There are deliciously-pretty flowers, made from ordinary fish-scales, others made from tiny shells; all sorts of odd and preserved flowers.

Having noticed the interesting exhibits belonging to the outer circle, we now give our attention to that of central interest—

### The African Enclosure.

This is backed up with a stretch of character and natural beauty that is the pride of our Zulu friend, M'hambo, who, on this his second visit to our country, has brought his wife to see us, together with two other native gentlemen friends.

This enclosure represents a typical Zulu village; there are the round bee-hive-shaped kraals, the mud huts, the compound in the centre, and the curios larder raised high in the air, where the natives keep their mealies; and to make it all more real, there is a monkey with several squirrels to keep it company.

Here M'hambo and his company, under the charge of Ensign Bradley, give displays of native life. You see them going to bed, where the women, in true native style, fetch the hollow palm-rags and the mud expertly to wattle them. The pillows look exceedingly like small wooden footstools, and would be just about as comfortable to European ideas; but the Zulus appear to rest comfortably upon them.

After resting and reflecting we resume our stroll by ascending the stairs at the extreme end of the hall facing the main entrance to study afresh the various sections which "are but parts of one stupendous whole." The Women's Social Work, under Mrs. Bramwell Booth, occupies a third of the gallery, and makes over very complete show.

Mrs. Booth's private offices are here, and close by a reception room, where Mrs. Booth has an "At Home" three times each week, from four till six p.m.

My House Hospital is shown in a miniature of one of the Industrial homes, also a model of an Industrial Home.

A long range of stalls display a splendid collection of needlework of every description, done in the homes, including knitted goods, children's frocks and underclothing, stockings, house-linen, and other articles may be purchased.

The remainder of one-half of the gallery is occupied by the

#### Men's Social Work.

Here the Labor Bureau is represented by models of the Shanties, a Metropole, Workshop, Elevator, and various industries, also samples of food and clothing to the men. Visitors to the gallery should not fail to visit the collection of rare and curious birds, which have been awarded the silver and bronze medals at the Crystal Palace Bird Show. The collection is kindly lent to us by Mr. Houseman of Sydenham. A large number of the birds are on sale, the proceeds of which go to Mr. Bramhall Booth's Social Work. A little further ahead is a very creditable display of work by the Junior Soldiers and the Boys' Band. Their stalls include many fancy articles of every description, with needlework, fancy and otherwise. Some thirty classes of the Band of Love are in operation, a different class taking part every day—a special program being prepared daily.

The work of the Salvation Army would be incomplete without some allusion to its stall in St. Paul's Hall, the "Mercy Row"—a number of houses, sure to be demolished by up-to-date methods.

Here "E. Clipeon" trades as a hairdresser, and advertises to cut children's hair, two for threepence. A public-house, a pawnbroker's, an old-clothes' shop, and a Slum corps, with that source of gladness to the poor child, the street-piano-organ, complete.

#### "Misery Row."

At the end and a crowd of people have gathered—not necessarily slum folk—they are some persons who are cream vendor. But the preparation is by no means the ordinary mixture sold in the street, but the special preparation of a friend, made and disposed of for our benefit.

This special ice cream is presented to customers in tiny pails, with the somewhat startling inscription on the spoon, "Get ready to die" but this, happily has no reference to the ice cream!

We conclude our stroll with a visit to the Arcadia Gallery, where Mr. Bevis has very kindly lent his collection of panoramic views and curiosities from the Holy Land.

Of this valuable host of treasures we can only enumerate a few. Friends will note with interest the lock in use at the present time in Damascus, yet precisely the same as used in the time of David: also some beautiful inlaid ware from the same quarters; an oil-press, a wine-press, and a corn-mill; a model of shepherd's' chals and a wooden sword; also a tambourine inlaid with ivory, which formerly belonged to the Sultans' lute; a number of slaughtered knives used by the Jews, of a very curious shape: an old scroll-part of the book of Jeremiah; some Persian fans a hundred years old; Mahomedan praying heads; model of a boat for carrying the dead across the Nile: a couple of

#### Babylonian Bricks

with Nebuchadnezzar's stamp upon them; several cases of old lamps, iron-hots, and a model of an oven, &c.

On the other side of the Arcadia Gallery is our own Photographic Department, where a vast number of Army celebrities are now on view, and photos are taken daily by our own staff of photographers.

It is only a cursory glance we have taken at a few of the wonders brought to our gaze from all quarters of the earth.

Seeing the results, we shouted "Victory!" But the living facts checked our exultation, and pointed to the background of patient toll, suffering and sacrifice, without which nothing has ever been accomplished, and in these flowers of the heart we traced the victory to its source on Mount Calvary.

**NANAHAN, B. C.—**We have had some very special meetings. Brigadier General Howell, Staff-Captain Galt, Adj't. Bob Smith and Ensign Thoroldson spent last week-end here. On Sunday night we had the largest crowd that has been in the barracks since Commissioner Eva Booth was here. All the officers except the Brigadier stayed for Monday and Tuesday nights. Our thanks are due to our Methodist friends, who, with music and song, helped to make Tuesday night's meeting the success it certainly was. We also thank the Sons of Temperance for the loan of their organ. Our new officers, Capt. and Mrs. Lucy, have arrived and we are in for victory.—Bob Larimore.



#### L—ANCIENT GREECE.

##### CHAPTER VI.

##### TYRANNY AGAINST FREEDOM.

Shortly after Solon's departure, a relative of his, Pisistratus, by strategy obtained consent to have a body-guard of 50 men, which he afterwards used to assume the power of a ruler over Athens. On the whole he ruled not badly. He formulated kind laws, among them provided State pensions for wounded soldiers, founded the first Greek library, collected the poems of Homer, etc. He ruled 33 years and made Athens content, but this was at the cost of their

his capital. The subdued Greeks of Asia Minor hated the Persian rule and longed to be free. Several of the former tyrants of Greece, who had fled the, were anxious to embrace the common cause in war with Persia, in the hope that Darius would subdue Greece and install them as tributary rulers in their former government. Among these traitors was Hippias, who shaved a slave's head and wrote a letter with a red-hot pin upon it. When the hair had grown again he sent the man to a friend at Miletus, advising him to rise against the Persians.

The friend went to Sparta trying to induce Cleomenes, the King, to help in the rebellion, but the King's little



THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

freedom. At the death of Pisistratus, his two sons, Hippias and Hipparchus, ruled jointly, but through some personal quarrel caused a conspiracy, which ended with the death of Hipparchus and the main conspirators. Hippias ruled for a few years longer, but as the people clamored for freedom and the return to Solon's laws, he fled with his wife and family to Asia, B C. 510.

Hippias ended his life at the court of the King of Persia.

In Persia King Cyrus was now dead, after having established a great empire, from the Persian Gulf to the shores of the Mediterranean, with Babylon as its capital. With the conquering of Croesus nearly all the Greek colonies in Asia Minor fell.

Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, was now King of Persia, and his ambition was to spread westward, to conquer the Isles of the Aegean Sea, which were situated between the Western boundary of his empire and the Greek peninsula. The little Isle of Samos was the first to fall by treachery, its King, Polycrates, being invited to visit Asia, but upon his landing was seized and crucified. Cambyses conquered Egypt at the same time and added the same to his empire, but shortly afterwards became insane and died.

After a period of unrest Darius succeeded to the Persian throne, and made Susa

daughter entered and cried, "Go away, father, this stranger will do you harm." The King took this for a warning and declined.

The Athenians listened more willingly and promised to aid their colonial brethren in obtaining their freedom. Together the Athenians, Ephesians, Milesians, and other Ionians attacked Sardis in Asia, and gained entrance. The town, however, caught fire and was quickly destroyed by it, forcing the Greeks to leave it. Darius was furious when the report of Sardis' destruction reached him and vowed vengeance. Histiaus succeeded in persuading the King to send him to quell the insurrection. He was, however suspected of treachery, the Ionians mistrusted him, and when the Persians finally conquered, he was crucified, while the fairest children of Greece were carried off to be slaves in the palace of Susa. Darius now had the one ambition to raise his troops and concentrate his forces for an attack upon the cities of Greece, while Hippias undertook to show him the way.

It was a battle between the east and the west—the despotic ruler of slaves and the free citizens of Greece, mistreated and imperfect, but brave and fighting for homes and loved ones.

(To be continued.)



#### ECHOES OF THE EASTERN FIGHT.

**HALIFAX** L—God is helping us to march forward in His strength. Adj't. Mc. and wife and Capt. Lamont are getting a hold of the people. On Friday night two souls, one for the blessing of a nation, the other for the curse of a nation, were with us in power. In the night meeting was a boiling-over time, when four souls sought salvation through the Blood of Jesus.—Tron Casblu.

**ST. GEORGE'S**—Capt. Welch was down for Monday night's meeting. We were all pleased to see her. Quite a large audience to hear her voice pleading with them to serve God. The weather is very hot and dry. Three handclappers came back to take up their cross again. We are fighting the devil and we mean to pull down his kingdom that he has in this little island and drive him out altogether. We are still praying for the victory and more souls.—R. S., C. C.

**SOMERSET**, Ber.—Saturday night God came very near and blessed our meeting; at the close we rejoiced in seeing one seeking the Saviour's pardon. On Sunday God's people came out throughout the day. The soul came out at knee-drill and one in the afternoon. Praise God! At night we fought a hard battle, but none yielded. We feel God's Spirit working among the people, and we are believing to see a break in the devil's ranks before long.—C. E. Harrison.

**CHARLOTTETOWN**, P. E. I.—Our new Provincial Officer, Major Pickering, has paid us a most delightful visit, and a very enthusiastic welcome was accorded him. The Major was accompanied here by Bro. D. E. Forest, whose singing and playing on the guitar was much enjoyed. The meetings were all well attended and will not soon be forgotten. In the evenings meeting these sisters came for sanctification. The Major's addresses were very powerful—notably the one in Victoria Park on Sunday afternoon, where at least 500 people listened. We hope the Major will soon come again and bring Mrs. Pickering with him. Our new officers, Adj't. MacNamara and Capt. Martin, have taken a good hold already and are much liked. Two children and one handclapper came out to the pentecostal form last night. Others remained until a late hour, evidently convicted.—M. F. Ellis.

**NORTH SYDNEY**—Welcome meeting in Royal Hall Saturday night, to Major Pickering, Hon. J. N. Strong, Rev. Mr. McLean (Baptist clergeman), Rev. Mr. Sharpe (of the Methodist Church) on the platform. These gentlemen, who are all warm friends of the Army, gave the Major a hearty welcome to North Sydney. The Major also led meetings all day Sunday. Beautiful knee-drill. Two souls in the fountain Sunday night.—M. F. Pike.

#### The S. A. Visit to Wolfville.

On Friday evening Capt. Allen and several of the Kountz adherents drove to Wolfville for a meeting, the first time the S. A. has ever visited the town. We arrived in good time, but finding the Mission Hall still locked up we knee-drilled on the sidewalk, and started off for a short march. On returning the hall was soon filled and we commenced one of the most blessed and soul-refreshing times we have had for some time. Everyone seemed to be in sympathy with us. The handclappers were trying in the audience, as well as the soldiers when the Captain asked for a wave. One spirit seemed to fill the place. Quite a number in the audience bore witness to the power of God to save, and our hearts were gladdened at the close of the meeting by three precious souls seeking the forgiveness of sins. It was good to be there and it is not strange that we are being pressed with invitations to come again.—A. Jess, R. C.

#### A Wedding.

**CARLETON**, N. B.—has gained two worthy soldiers of Port William, Ont. Bro. Neil Smith, who came from there some months ago, and has helped roll the chariot along, thought he needed a partner, so we are pleased to report a Hallelujah Wedding. Sorry that Port William has again had to suffer through losing Sister M. E. Diekeron, but their loss will be our gain. We heartily welcome them to Carleton corps, and believe they will work together to the uplifting of God's Kingdom.—Treas. Mrs. Oliver.



## NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

42 Boomers.	
Cadet E. Custar, Fargo	102
Cadet E. Custar, Winnipeg	90
Capt. Mitchell, Lethbridge	85
Lieut. Emberton, Emerson	80
Capt. Lloyd, Devil's Lake	78
Father Cook, Grafton	65
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks (av. 2 wks.)	78
Cadet MacLeod, Prince Albert (av. 2 wks.)	65
Lieut. Russ, Moose Jaw (av. 2 wks.)	65
Capt. Clark, Virden	64
Lieut. Forberg, Fort William	60
Cadet Ferguson, Minot	60
Lieut. E. Anderson, Jamestown	58
Lieut. Woodworth, Carberry	50
Cadet W. Custar, Winnipeg	50
Capt. Broster, Valley City	50

## A NORTH-WESTERN QUARTETTE.

**FRAT PORTAGE.**—Ensign Ottawa, G. B. M. B. Agent, arrived last Wednesday, and, although unexpected, was welcomed by officers and soldiers. On Friday night two souls, one for salvation the other for the blessing of a clean heart. Saturday evening Ensign Ottawa gave a lantern service, "Set Free to Serve," which was enjoyed by all. Good meetings all day Sunday.—M. B. H., II. C.

**FOUR WILLIAM.**—Capts. Dwyer and Lloyd have farewelled, and Capt. Livingston and Capt. Lloyd Portage have taken charge here. We had Easter, Ottawa with us from Thursday till Monday night. Glorious time all day Sunday.

Three comrades out for salvation, one brother for salvation on Sunday, and one sister for salvation on Sunday. Soldiers shouting happy.—S. J. neddy, Reg. Cor.

## Twenty Souls.

**ANNAH CIRCLE.**—Last closed six Camp Meetings. God has been using us a wonderful time and twenty souls have been saved. Capt. Brander, Lt. Wilcox, and J. S. Sgt.—Major I were over from Morden. Captain gave great assistance with his ic. It did us good to see souls com-

ing out to the penitent form, especially one young man, who led out his wife with her little baby in her arms.—F. H. Brown, Capt.

## A Hindoo March.

**LETHBRIDGE.**—A flying visit from Ensign Burton, our New D. O., enabled us to have a special meeting on Wednesday night. Although no actual results were shown, we believe the seed that was sown will spring up whilst the hearts of some present at a future time. The past week has been one of blessing. On Saturday we had a Hindoo meeting and march in costume. The Hindoo choruses rendered by the soldiers deserve special mention: taking everything into consideration between that of a Hindoo and a Canadian "North-West." Sunday meetings, from 7 a.m. the blessing of God poured down upon us. Holiness meeting found two brothers kneeling at the foot of the Cross. Our H. P. is now being pushed to make it not only a financial success, but one for the extension of God's Kingdom and bringing before the people the realities of salvation.—Wm. Parrow, R. G.

Without care and diligence thou shalt never get virtue.

He who shuneth not small faults falleth little by little into greater.



JUDGE STANDISH, GRAND FORKS, N.D.

**BARRE, Vt.**—We are glad to report victory. Two out for salvation. Our comrades at Graniteville have a prayer meeting every Friday night with Bro. Welshire. They report good meetings. We have commenced preparations for H. P., and by the time this gets in print we expect to have gained a sweeping victory. Our faith is as large as the target.—Zaccheus.

**ALGONQUIN.**—Had a beautiful meeting on Wednesday night, also a successful ice cream social. The soldiers and friends helped us out splendidly. One kind friend loaned us his horse and rig free of charge, to do all our bearing. God bless him!—D. Nowell.

**OTTAWA.**—The Major, Harriman, our Provincial Chief, was given a warm reception on the occasion of his first visit here, on Saturday evening. Major led the meetings all day Sunday. We spent a soul-refreshing time together, while sinners and backsliders left the church uncomfortable under the Major's straight Good talk. One soul for business. Previous to the Major's visit our report is four souls for salvation, with one seeking holiness. Capt. Howe has also been with us on special business. Sergeant French.

**COBOURG.**—Spent Sunday in this old historical town. Found Sgt.—Major Mitchell, Mrs. Brindley and myself during a service in the county jail from 9 to 10 a.m., when about 80 of a congregation listened to our testimony and song. The meetings in the open-air and barracks were very good, but the indifferent devil seems quite prevalent.—Captain Brindley.

He who is living without discipline is exposed to grievous ruin.

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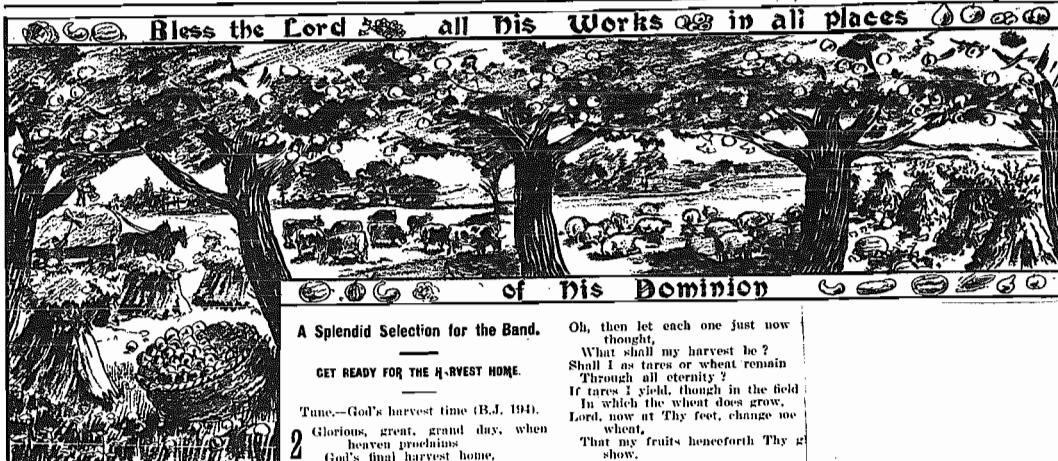
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## A Splendid Selection for the Band.

## GET READY FOR THE HARVEST HOME.

Tune.—God's harvest time (B.J. 194).

1 Glorious, great, grand day, when  
heaven proclaims  
God's final harvest home,  
When He shall send His angels forth  
To gather us every one!

What hopes and fears, what joys and  
tears,

What gladness and despair,  
Shall mingle then as we're gathered in  
And our everlasting sentence hear!

## Chorus.

Prepare, prepare, prepare!  
Make ready for the harvest home;  
Prepare, prepare, prepare!  
Be ready when His reapers come.

What a testing day to the saints of God  
When faults alone remain;

When beneath the stroke of His threshing rod

The husks will leave the grain!  
Then He will stand with His fan in His hand

And drive all chaff away,  
All outside show, so much prized below,

So that fruit, good fruit, alone shall stay.

What a dreadful day!—most awful day!

To sinners dead in sin;

Who now as tares with wheat do grow.

Thus hoping heaven to win!

They come and go as the righteous do,

But bear no heavenly fruit;

For though they remain for ever the same,

Th' tares from the wheat God shall uproot.

Oh, then let each one just now  
thought,

What shall my harvest be?  
Shall I am stored or what remain  
Through all eternity?

It is a yield, though in the field  
In which the wheat does grow,  
Lord, now at Thy feet, change me  
what?

That my fruits henceforth Thy g

show.

## Bringing in the Sheaves.

3 Sowing in the morning, sowing s  
of kindness,

Sowing in the noon tide and the d  
eyes;

Waiting for the harvest, and the t  
of reaping,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in  
the sheaves.

## Chorus.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in  
sheaves,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in  
sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in  
shadows,

Fearing neither clouds nor win  
ing breeze;

By-and-by the harvest, and the

ended,

We shall come rejoicing, bring  
the sheaves.

Go, then, ever weeping, sowing

Master,

Though the loss sustained our spirit  
often grieves;

When our weeping's over, He will bid us

welcome,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in

the sheaves.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the  
Salvation Army, printed and published by John M. C. Horn, S.  
Printing House, 18 Albert Street,  
Toronto.

## A Song for the Harvest.

For the Third Army. *Accompaniment* *Music by J. M. C. Horn*. Words and Music by Eleazar Smith.

1. *Waking white to the Harvest, fields of golden grain, West the hand to the*  
*languid kiss of the sun's rays.*

*2. O'er the fields of golden grain, West the hand to the*  
*languid kiss of the sun's rays.*

*3. O'er the fields of golden grain, West the hand to the*  
*languid kiss of the sun's rays.*

*4. O'er the fields of golden grain, West the hand to the*  
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